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W. H. P. Addison
INTERESTING

A N E C D O T E S,

M E M O I R S,

A L L E G O R I E S,

E S S A Y S,

A N D

P O E T I C A L F R A G M E N T S,

T E N D I N G

T O A M U S E T H E F A N C Y,

A N D

I N C U L C A T E M O R A L I T Y.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

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A
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

A N E C D O T E.

A CERTAIN Nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, mostly people of rank, to dine with him : and great elegance and hospitality were displayed on the occasion. Amongst the company, there happened to be a Reverend Divine, of worthy character and great learning, but alas ! he was only a *Curate* at 30l. per annum ! He happened, amidst all the profusion of a well spread table, to be in want of one of the first necessities of life, and not chusing to call aloud (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbours) he inclined a lit-

B

tle

tle back in his chair, and in a half whisper addressed a footman in a laced livery, "*I wish I had a little bread,*"—"I wish you had, Sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and bustled about from one great Lord to another, without vouchsafing any further notice. The poor Curate, being a man of extreme modesty, made no more applications.

A Gentleman of some humour, who sat next the Clergyman, and had observed the transaction, either through compassion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public.—The master of the house, roused with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and after a severe reprimand for his insolent behaviour, told him to go immediately and seek *his own bread* elsewhere. Then turning to the abashed curate, he said, "Sir, I am ashamed of what has passed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it shall be my endeavour to provide you *better bread.*"—He kept his word, and in a very short time, presented the Clergyman with a comfortable living.

A N E C D O T E

O F

J U D G E J E F F E R Y S.

A T a contested election for a member to serve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suffex, government strenuously interfered, and that so openly, as to send Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the court candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings close by the returning officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. This officer well knew the chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that magistrate, who scrutinised every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party; at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections declared the man should poll; adding, " I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied, " Your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me, it is impossi-

ble you should be the person you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside:’ then turning to the crier, ‘ officer!’ said he, ‘ turn that fellow out of court.’ His commands were obeyed without hesitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn in great confusion; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: “ Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent; but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant.” Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

GRA-

G R A T I T U D E.

OH! how amiable is gratitude! especially when it has the supreme benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the most exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has something in it noble, disinterested, and, (if I may be allowed the term) generously devout. Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer returns chiefly upon a regard to one's self. But the exercise of gratitude subsisted in Paradise, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when God shall be all in all.

DEMOSTHENES said, it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, for ever to be sensible of it, but him that bestowed it, presently to forget it. He is unjust, said Socrates, who does not return deserved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe.

THERE is no vice nor failing of man, that doth so much unprinciple humanity, as ingratitude; since he who is guilty of it lives unworthy of his own soul, that hath not virtue enough to be obliged nor to acknowledge the due merits of the obliger.

It is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful, as for hope to be mindful.

Without

Without good nature and gratitude, man had as well live in a wilderness, as in a civil society.

HE who receives a good turn, should never forget it, he who does one, should never remember it.

IT is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in dust.

HE that preaches gratitude, pleads the cause both of God and man, for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

IT is the glory of gratitude, that it depends only on the goodwill: if I have will to be grateful, says Seneca, I am so.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of Him who is the great author of good, and Father of mercies.

GRATITUDE, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in

in the mind of a grateful man ; it exalts the soul into raptures when it is employed in this great object of gratitude ; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we hope for.

Ungenerous the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays the ungrateful
part.

Anecdote of a Farmer.

MR. BALLENTINE, a wealthy farmer in Middlesex, justified a bail in the court of King's Bench, and upon being asked by Mr. Serjeant Davy, if he could produce no more deeds of his ability to bail the action, replied, " there is an Indian bond for 100*l.* and if that would not do, here is a note 5*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* $\frac{3}{4}$ that a great counsellor gave to his butcher, and which has been due upwards of two years ; I think the great lawyer's name is Mr. Serjeant Davy, or some such name, perhaps Mr. Lawyer you may have heard of such a one," addressing himself to Mr. Davy ; which set the whole court in such an immoderate fit of laughter, that Lord Mansfield declared next day, such another *bout* would certainly put a period to his life.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

IN young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged; though at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure.—They are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery, on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connections should be avoided, lest they afterwards load us with dishonour. We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement. We should

should not expose ourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. We should not reveal any secrets of our friend; but be faithful to his interest; forsake him not in danger, and abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In the choice of friends, principal regard should be had to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they possess taste and genius, that will make them more agreeable and useful companions. To those who deserve the name of friends, we should always unboresom ourselves with the most unsuspicious confidence. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make us upon the whole, much happier than a suspicious one, although by it we may sometimes suffer. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time. We should never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. They are secret deposits which do not belong to us, nor have we any right to make use of them.

BON MOT of a Countryman.

A GENTLEMAN lately riding through a village in Hertfordshire, where a painted board over the door of a low house had the following notice:—J. and M. Grainge, midwife and sexton;—was induced, from the oddity of the circumstance, to ask a countryman that was passing if he knew the people? Know them! aye, replied he, every body in our parish knows them, their names are the first and last in every body's mouth here. Why so, says the gentleman; Because, answered the clown, she brings every body into our village, and he takes them out.

To S T E L L A,

March 23, 1723-4.

By D E A N S W I F T.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when I was Sick in Bed.]

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?

Time was, when I could yearly pay

My verse on Stella's natal day;

But

But now, unable grown to write,
 I grieve she ever saw the light :
 Ungrateful, since to her I owe
 That I these pains can undergo.
 She tends me like an humble slave,
 And, when indecently I rave,
 When out my brutish passions break,
 With gall in ev'ry word I speak,
 She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
 Or melts my passion down to tears :
 Altho' 'tis easy to decry
 She wants assistance more than I,
 Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
 And is a stoic to her own.
 When among scholars, can we find
 So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
 All accidents of life conspire
 To raise up Stella's virtue higher,
 Or else, to introduce the rest
 Which had been latent in her breast.
 Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friend been in distress;
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, dear Stella, still be kind:
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Tho' I continue still a brute;

But when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again.
 Mean time, your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends;
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

The C A M P;
 OR THE
SOLDIER by COMPULSION:
 A MORAL TALE.

WILLIAM BENSLEY, the son of an honest and industrious farmer in B—shire, having been taken from his parents by his mother's brother, a carver in London, was brought up by him in his own business; in which he made so rapid a progress, that he became very useful to his uncle. In consequence of the pleasure which he received from his nephew's general behaviour, as well as particular diligence and activity, Mr. — gave him leave to go down to his father and mother, whenever he could spare him.

In the course of these journeys, young Bensley became intimately acquainted with the daughter
 of

of a farmer in his father's neighbourhood, one of the prettiest and most deserving girls in the whole country: but as her father was able to give her something handsome, as they called it, he did not dare to make any public pretensions to her; especially as his own father, having met with misfortunes, and had a large family to provide for, could not afford to give him any thing towards the accomplishment of his wishes. However, though William only declared his passion by his intelligent eyes, Nancy Covell gave him all modest encouragement to communicate with his lips what passed in his heart, according to the observation which she had made on the *language of looks*; for sometimes decretion, and, it may be added, generosity of sentiment, chained up his tongue. At last, prompted by the most powerful of all passions, and the kind reception which he met with from the dear object of his sincerest affection, he said to her, one day, upon her expressing a regret at his being obliged to return to London, " You are very condescending, Nancy; but I cannot wish you so much harm as a connection with me, as I am much afraid I shall never be in a situation to deserve your love.

This pathetic acknowledgment of her consideration for him, and the discovery of his sincere affection

fection for her, soon brought them to a better understanding. He now freely confessed his warm attachment to her, and she with equal freedom avowed her tender regard for him; telling him, at the same time, that she thought her father could make no reasonable objection to a man in so ingenious a branch of business as that to which he was brought up.

“ It is true, my dearest girl, (replied he) it is an ingenious branch of business, and it *was* an advantageous one before this destructive war with the Colonies, and the assistance afforded them by the French, which has made commerce so hazardous and expensive, that many people from the increase of taxes, and the dearness of provisions cannot afford to employ artists in the ornamental way at least, nor to pay them the worth of their labour.” Nancy sighed, dropped a sympathetic tear, and said, “ What a pity !”

When William returned to his uncle, and found him exceedingly ill, partly from vexation upon the decline of his business, and partly from the number of considerable debts which he had no hopes of discharging, he, with the true spirit of gratitude, took every method in his power to console him under the pressure of his losses and disappointments,

ments, and to promote the restoration of his health. But all his laudable and affectionate efforts were inefficacious: his uncle died in a few weeks, and left scarce enough to pay the expences of his funeral.

The loss of so dear and so kind a friend, added to the difficulties with which his attempts to get into a new employment were attended, gave William such a disgust to London, in which his love for Nancy had, probably, no small share, that he returned to his father, intending to try his fortune in some other occupation near him.

He found his father dangerously ill of a fever, by which he was carried off in a few hours after his arrival, leaving a wife and seven children, besides himself, for whom their mother was utterly unable to provide, being in a bad state of health, and incumbered with debts.

Poor William was unspeakably distressed by this addition to his sorrow. Nancy shared his grief. Covell perceiving that his daughter had set her heart upon a man he looked upon as a vagabond, having at that time no visible means of subsistence, and perceiving also that his family were likely to come to the parish, insisted upon her marrying a substantial

substantial grazier, who being old and amorous, had for some time discovered a willingness to take her without a six-pence.

Nancy, who would sooner have perished than forsaken her William, peremptorily refused to listen to this antiquated admirer, and spent all the hours she could steal with the mother of her lover; whom she strove to assist and comfort by every method in her power. This behaviour of her's so enraged the old man, that he was determined to remove William, if possible, out of his way : and as his mother had quitted the farm, of which she was unable to pay the rent after the death of her husband, he prevailed on the Justice of the peace to take him up as a vagabond, and get him entered as a recruit. This being done, he was carried to one of the camps, and compelled, much against his inclination, to become a soldier.

He did not want courage, nor a disposition to serve or defend his country, in case of an unjust invasion, attack, or a scarcity of men; but as he had been bred up in a very different profession, and, upon the failure of *that*, determined to look out for another near his mother, and her helpless young family, in order to contribute towards their support, he could not endure the thoughts of being
forced

forced to bear arms, of being torn from all that he held most dear in this world, and of being prevented from pursuing a more lucrative, as well as agreeable employment. The small pittance of a common-soldier would not, he was feelingly sensible, permit him to spare any towards the maintenance of a family. Nancy and his mother were equally afflicted, when they heard that he was under a necessity of withdrawing from them, and deprived of all hopes of entering into another way of business, which might encourage her to look for the hand of her lover, enabled not only to make her happy, but to be serviceable to his surviving unfortunate parents.

Upon Mrs. Bensley's falling dangerously ill, in consequence of the acuteness with which she felt her misfortunes, Nancy, ever attentive to the mother of him on whom she doated, flew to her with all the money she had, and begged her to be comforted, telling her that she would marry no-body but her son, who would, she hoped, be discharged, when the old grazier found that nothing could make her consent to be his wife. Mrs. Bensley, sighing, replied, " I shall not live to see my son again."

Nancy, prompted by *her* tears, and her own wishes, dispatched a note to William, to acquaint

D

him

him with his mother's pitiable situation; requesting him to get permission to make her happy with the sight of him before she died.

The poor young man, distracted at this intelligence, hastened to his officer, told his tale with a pathetic simplicity, and begged he might be allowed to take leave of a dying parent. His request met with an absolute refusal, from a supposition that it arose entirely from his wanting a pretence to quit the army.

Stung at being accused of what he had not at that time, the smallest idea; shocked at having been forced into a profession which made him a prisoner in his own country, which deprived him of the sight of his friends, though at the distance of a few miles; and feeling most acutely for the agonies of an expiring mother, rendered still more insupportable from his compulsive absence; he could no longer support the sensations he endured from what he could not help calling an act of injustice; but determined at all events, to see his mother, if he died for it. Accordingly, he stole away early in the morning, staid with her a few hours, gave her hopes of getting his discharge and prepared to return.

Just as he was on the point of returning, the old grazier, ever on the watch, immediately sent intelligence to the camp of his having *deserted*. He was secured within a mile of his mother's dwelling, forced back to his quarters, tried, and sentenced to be shot.

Nancy, poor unhappy Nancy, as soon as she heard of her William's situation became almost frantic with despair. Instantly leaving her father's house, she flew to the old dotard who had been the cause of all this misery. The moment she saw him, she with a wildness in her air which struck terror into him, exclaimed, "You have found the way to gain your purpose. If you *can* and *will* save William's life and procure his discharge, I am ready to be married to you, and will promise never to see him again. If this is in your power and you do not exert it, tremble for the consequences. You will know the miseries you have brought on the innocent; as he would have died, (though he abhorred the service into which he was forced,) rather than have meanly *deserted*: but the agony which he felt on being denied the melancholy satisfaction of giving a dying parent all the comfort he could, was too much for him to bear. Fly, then, and save my William, and I am your's for ever."

The old fellow, half frightened, and half transported out of his senses, hastened immediately to the Commanding Officer, explained the affair to him, and procured a reprieve; but it was within an instant of being too late, for poor William was on his knees, and endeavouring to arm himself with becoming fortitude: his comrades musquets were levelled at his heart, when the joyful cry of, A Reprieve! A Reprieve! stopped the murderer's hands. William had borne adversity with the spirit of a man: conscious of his innocence, he felt himself superior to calamity; but he was not equal to so sudden a change, a change to which he could hardly give credit. A veteran, who had from his first arrival at the camp, discovered his merit, made haste to support him; yet, fearful of not being able to raise him time enough, pointed to the soldiers to withdraw their pieces. Thus snatched from the hands of death, he was discharged, and returned to his mother, who recovered, and poured down blessings on Nancy for the generous sacrifice she had made on her son's account. That deserving girl, however, was at last rewarded for what she had endured, in consequence of her very generous behaviour. Her old admirer, uncommonly agitated by a variety of conflicting passions, fell ill, and finding himself drawing near his end—carefully attended by the amiable girl, who had resolved

ved to keep her promise to him, whatever it should cost her, sent for a lawyer, made his will, and left her all he had in her own power. Her father, being no longer able to prevent her marrying William, and finding her amply provided for without his assistance, no more objected to her becoming the wife of a man whom she had long loved, nor to her providing for his mother and her children.—In this manner was a truly deserving couple rescued from a very distressful situation; a situation into which many a worthy family may be thrown if every man must be a *soldier* by *Compulsion*, who has no visible means of procuring a subsistence.

A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG MAN named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home, his father asked him what he had learned: the other replied, “that would hereafter appear.” On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, “He had learned this,—to endure a parent’s anger.”

RETIRE.

RETIREMENT.

WOULD heaven indulgent to my wish dispense;

Enough from bus'ness to retire ;
And crown my wishes with a competence,
To wealth, to grandeur, I would ne'er aspire.

Free from the troubles that attend the great,
Devoid of anxious toil and care,
'Midst rural shades I'd seek a safe retreat,
And there from folly's haunts repair ;

Far from the busy, bustling, crowded town,
With drudgery, and noise endu'd,
Intent on happiness I'd set me down,
Where no rude cares my peace intrude.

I'd to some pretty sylvan spot repair,
Where art and nature far excell ;
Within the country's fresh and healthy air
I'd fix my little rural cell.

In some sweet lone sequester'd vale,
Where nature's drest in gayest pride,
Where beds of flow'rs scent the fragrant gale,
And bubbling fountains gently glide ;

Where

Where groves o'erhang the cool pellucid stream,
 And birds soft warble on the spray,
 I'd wish to build my little cot quite plain;
 Not large, yet neat, and not too gay.

Here sacred virtue shou'd my footsteps guide,
 My conduct reason's sway confess:
 Here free from envy, malice, spleen, or pride,
 Content should cheer my lone recess.

In these sweet shades I'd pass my harmless days
 In health, and cheerfulness of mind,
 Blest with a friend, in philosophic ease,
 True happiness I'd find;

The beauties of the sylvan scene explore;
 And thence its pleasures learn to prize
 Then on contemplation's wing I'd soar,
 And view the wonders of the skies;

And while fresh joys unseen, unknown before,
 Strike with surprize my astonish'd soul,
 I'd sing his goodness, and his name adore,
 Whose mighty wisdom form'd the whole.

Thrice happy he! who thus delights to dwell,
 Where nature sheds her gifts around,
 Flies the dull crowd, and seeks some humble cell,
 Where happiness alone is found.

He tastes true pleasure, feels his joys sincere,
 A friend to virtue lives, to vice a foe,
 No passions vex his mind, but thro' the year;
 In peace his moments calmly flow.

Let me thus quiet live, and bid adieu
 To all the cares of crested pride,
 The paths of virtue unperplex'd pursue,
 And thus through life serenely glide.

ANECDOTE of HOGARTH.

HOGARTH, soon after he first set up his carriage, had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he went the weather was fine, but business detained him till a violent shower of rain came on. He was let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he entered; and, seeing the rain, began immediately to call for a hackney coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring stands; and our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth (surprised to see him so wet and splashed) asked him where he had left it.

OF JOHN BAPTISTE SANTEUIL,

A CELEBRATED

Latin Poet, of the last Century.

S ANTEUIL, returning one night to St. Victor at Eleven o'Clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that late hour. After some altercation, Santeuil slipped half a louis under the door, and obtained admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended to have left a book upon a stone on which he had been sitting whilst on the outside. The porter, to shew his gratitude for the half louis, officiously ran to get the book, the poet instantly shut the door upon him. The porter, half naked, knocked in his turn. No, says Santeuil, the prior will be exceedingly angry if I admit any one at this late hour. Why, cried the porter, I let you in very *civilly*: and as *civilly* returned the poet, will I admit you. The porter, not chusing to remain half naked in the street, and fearful of losing his place, slipped the piece of money back again under the door, and obtained admittance, declaring that a poet's money never staid long with any body.

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The PRECEPTS of CARAZAN.

An ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along it's channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of man. His drink was the crystal rill; his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omniscient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers; The Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts; and the Egyptians bore his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the ethereal luminaries.

He combined, in himself, the learning of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge; as the resplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to his practice, retired to a small grotto, that flooded fast to a limpid rill; and in a pious orison poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard of his scymitar, and his majestic stature bespoke him a prince.

Carazan was astonished; he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning sands of Libya, and was leaving the grotto, when the youth catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him—

“ Venerable sage! pardon the presumption of a youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father! Mahmut, heir-apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bending before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, at whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth af-

fords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful and melancholy. I sought the sages of my father's court: I told them, that I wanted peace of mind; but alas! they could give me none. I was recommended to seek the humble cottage, since there only Content resided: but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life; he longed to become a fatrape, and was therefore unhappy. I hastened to the wars; I braved the iron front of battle; but alas! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice; and, if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, his unaffected deportment, and engaging mien, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility fell from his eye; and raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

“ Arise

“ Arise my son, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach thee happiness! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content; and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies, and quaff her delicious nectar: the King without debasing his dignity may eat of her delightful ambrosia.

“ To you, Mahmut, Content is indeed a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them: as the unwary pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but instead of gaining the bark of happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Astrea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of War, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content

tent was indeed, far from you. Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Rapine. Would you, my son, gain happiness would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice.—

“ First my son, remember that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive, and wealthy empire: be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let vice never seduce your mind to act subservient to your passions; but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your subjects with a veneration for religion, and virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason: their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your administration. Make them behold in you
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at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you shall support them, as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed? what daring fiend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string?

“ Above all blooming Mahmut! preserve a good conscience: that is the foundation of happiness; and, even should the angel of adversity smite you, still you shall be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla shall strengthen your power; and your subjects’ love defeat every attack of misfortune: your life shall pass away undisturbed by the reproofs of conscience, the vengeance of heaven, or discontents and rebellions of your people, as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

“ Thus, by attending to the precepts of virtue, and practising them with exactness and self-denial, you shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity,

prosperity, till the angel of death shall seize you in his grasp, that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terrestrial ball; revered and regretted by men, for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness."

While he thus spoke, Mahmut, who still kept his eyes on the ground-felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of morality; and he perceived the mists of superstition and prejudice, and the dense clouds of ignorance and error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of truth, deposited in the celestial temple of virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.

A N E C D O T E

O F

The late DUKE of Rutland.

WHEN his Grace was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he had a violent rheumatic fever, which reduced him so low that he thought he could not live long; his only brother, Lord Robert Manners, was then in the navy, which service his grace thought highly hazardous to the life of his successor. He therefore told his brother, that if he would retire from the service he would give him his house at Chevely, and about four thousand pounds a year with it; the better half of his income at that time. Lord Robert positively refused the offer. He told his Grace, that he would not rob his family; and that he would never lounge away his time at home, whilst he could be of any service to his country abroad.

His Lordship continued in the service till the memorable 12th of April, 1782, when he was killed fighting for his country. When his Grace received at Belvoir the melancholy news of his brother's death, he was for some time stupified with grief; was long inconsolable, and never perfectly recovered the loss that he and his family had sustained.

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I N S T A N C E

Instance of Affection and Fidelity.

WHEN the Mexican Emperor, Gatimozin, was taken and brought into the presence of Cortes, he gave strict orders that the Mexican noblemen taken with the Emperor should be secured, and strictly looked to, lest they should escape. "Your care," said Gatimozin, "is needless; they will not fly; they are come to die at the feet of their sovereign."

A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. Y O U N G.

DR. Young author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a passionate veneration for Æschylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the Doctor was Chaplain.

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On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk; and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the supreme dispenser of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very possible, that a passage in his dearly beloved Æschylus occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of "*Qui va la!*" from the soldiers on duty. The officer who commanded finding that he had strayed thither in the undefinable simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

R E F L E C T I O N S.

WHAT, oh ! my heart overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted, either in the solemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bless! whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness! Let thy law, Almighty! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but if honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought, nor the love of pleasure make me forsake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart; when evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud, and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licentiousness, let me not take comfort from the number of those who do amiss; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys
of

of the multitude less allure than alarm me ; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleasures, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow ; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole existence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet. and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere, and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still. And since, O Lord ! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom, and, in its progress, its secret shield, turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread ; which hews out broken cisterns, that hold no water ; a world, in which even the, whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty ! in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will seek thy face ; bless thy name ; sing thy praises ; love thy law ; do thy will ;
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enjoy thy peace; hope thy glory, till my final hour. Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil, in the present life; and when death summonses, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty conqueror bids the trumpet sound, and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

A PROOF of DILIGENCE.

BISHOP Andrews, when a lad at the University, used every year to visit his friends in London, and to stay a month with them. During that month, he constantly made it a rule to learn, by the help of a master, some language, or art, to which he was before a stranger. No time was lost.

The EXEMPLARY PEER, *A MORAL TALE.*

TO enumerate the vices to which the old Lord Fairfield was addicted from his cradle, would not be a pleasing employment; the catalogue of them, indeed, would excite abhorrence
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in every reader whose heart has not been polluted by the corruptions of the fashionable world. Such characters, as the memory of them can afford no satisfaction to the living, should be doubly buried, buried in their graves, and buried in oblivion. It is an old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but where no good can be said of them, why should they be remembered in their epitaphs? And if those epitaphs contain lying trophies, they, surely, may be deemed rather insults than panegyrics. Every eulogium upon a bad man deceased, is an affront to every good man alive; the hero of the present story, therefore, very prudently ordered that no character of his father should be added to the inscription, which related more to the peer than to the man.

Lord Fairfield, though he knew, from his father's parsimonious disposition, that the fortune which would devolve to him with his title was considerable, felt some surprize to find at the old earl's death, that there was a great deal more consolidated stock than he expected. His satisfaction upon the occasion was not small, and it was also laudable; it was not the childish exultation of a narrow mind; it was the generous transport of a liberal heart. Painful, it is true, were his reflections, when he considered to what fordid ways his
father

father had recourse, in order to encrease his patrimonial possession; but a train of agreeable sensations rose in his breast when he saw himself enabled to carry those designs into execution which he had for some years planned in his limited situation; a situation particularly irksome to him as he was ever

——to share in every pang
 The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart;
 To number tear for tear, and groan for groan;
 With every son and daughter of distress,

Mallet.

And had experienced a very severe disappointment from an in-felt inability to follow the first suggestions of his inclination, when he had nothing to give those objects which well deserved his bounty—nothing but his compassion.

Ready, however, as Lord Fairfield was, at all times, to assist the meritorious in the hour of sickness and of sorrow, of poverty and of pain, his liberalities were under the guidance of discretion; and though he had no desire to enlarge his income by the common methods of improvement, as little was he disposed to throw away his money with a careless hand. I have dwelt the longer on this
 part

part of his lordship's character, because it was the part which gave rise to the present page.

As Lord Fairfield's property was very much divided; as he had estates in several quarters of the kingdom (some of them remote from the others) he could not possibly superintend them all in such a manner as to prevent many disagreeable occurrences from the folly of a weak, or from the knavery of a wicked steward; he could not be certain that he had always the *nett* produce of his several estates, without a minute examination into particulars, about which he did not think it worth while to enquire: if any remarkable deficiencies struck him, then indeed he exerted himself with proper spirit, and proceeded with a becoming activity, to come at the cause of the diminution of his annual rents, without any apparent reasons for it. Happily for his lordship, few of his stewards were guilty of gross misdemeanors while they were employed by him, but there was one whose conduct being particularly reprehensible, demands a particular display.

This steward was a Mr. Moreton, whom he had deputed to superintend a considerable estate in Ireland, the possession of which he entered upon at the death of an opulent uncle there. To Ireland, therefore Moreton soon repaired, and during his

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passage,

passage, formed schemes better calculated for his own emolument than his noble employer's advantage or credit. He schemed an improvement of the estate committed to his care; but as it was to arise from a species of extortion, too commonly practised by those who have lands and houses, his plan of operations could not be defended by the moralist; nor, indeed, as the enlargement of his own finances was included in it, could it be approved of by the true politician; for though he flattered himself that while he remitted to Lord Fairfield the customary rents resulting from his Hibernian possessions, he might safely sink the monies which he raised for his own supplies (presuming upon the distance between them) he certainly acted an impolitic part, and deserved a severe correction for his dishonourable, not to say dishonest, proceedings.

While Moreton was enriching himself in Ireland, by rack-renting those tenants whom he was ordered to treat with the greatest lenity and consideration, Lord Fairfield, as he from time to time, received the usual remittances, rationally enough concluded that his steward merited the salary he allowed him for his trouble, and accordingly sent him letters, after the receipt of every remittance, strongly expressive of his approbation, which letters gave

Moreton

Moreton an infinite deal of pleasure, and they served also to double his eagerness to encrease the value of his privy purse. In the midst of all his exultation, however, in consequence of his unfair, his infamous transactions, crowned with undeserved success, he was not a little alarmed at hearing that Lord Fairfield had been appointed by his Majesty to the viceroyship. Very unwilling was he at first to give credit to a piece of intelligence, from which he predicted no good to himself; but it was so thoroughly authenticated soon afterwards that the truth of it could not be disputed.

Lord Fairfield, in a short time after his arrival in Ireland, in his public character, found opportunities to render himself, in that character, extremely popular; and as he was in his private one exemplary, he appeared to the greatest advantage.

When Moreton made his first appearance before Lord Fairfield, upon his arrival from England, he gave so fair, so favourable an account of his stewardship, that his Lordship really looked upon him as a person entitled to a place superior to the post which he enjoyed under him, and fully intending to reward him for his past services, by the first promotion in his power. In a few days, however, he felt himself under a necessity

of changing his resolution, in consequence of an alteration in his sentiments, with regard to him; for he presently received complaints from the majority of his tenants, against Mr. Moreton for the severity of his behaviour to them, and for raising their rents to such a height that they could hardly support the additional taxation. These complaints were attended with petitions praying for redress, and they had such an effect upon his Lordship, that he immediately sent for his offending steward, and asked him—but in the mildest terms—whether the charges pointed at him were just or ill grounded?

Moreton, conscious of his own delinquency, and struck, at the same time, with the mild demeanour of him whom he had much injured, to whom his behaviour had been so ungrateful, was at first so disconcerted, that he stood rooted to the floor, while his tongue was unable to articulate; he could neither stir nor speak. At last, however, words found a passage, and he made a full confession of the severities he had used to encrease his private fortune, by racking his Lordship's tenants, and putting the additional sums so raised into his own pocket.

Lord Fairfield heard this confession with a strong
mixture

mixture of indignation and concern. He was the more concerned, as he had ever entertained a sincere regard for him, in consequence of the good opinion he had conceived of his integrity: As he had not however, actually robbed *him*, but those whom he was ordered to treat with indulgence, he only punished him by insisting upon a restoration of all the money which he had extorted from his tenants, ordering a fair distribution of it among them, and by dismissing him from his employment.

As soon as Moreton was dismissed, sufficiently punished and very severely he thought, though not, perhaps, as many persons will think, in a manner equal to his demerits, Lord Fairfield was informed that a very pretty country maiden begged to deliver a petition to him. His lordship having made it a rule to receive petitions from all quarters, from the lowest people in the kingdom (by which means he then became acquainted with the real characters of the highest) immediately gave orders for the admission of the fair petitioner to his presence.

After having perused the paper with some emotion, he asked the innocent girl several questions relating to her family, and being very well satisfied with her answers, doubly satisfied with them
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from the winning simplicity of her whole behaviour, he assured her, in the strongest and most humane terms, that he would pay a proper regard to the petition she had presented, in every respect; and that she, in particular should find him her friend.

The name of this young maiden was Nancy Bryan, and the following incident was the foundation of the above mentioned petition.

Moreton having met with Nancy, the only daughter of a very industrious and hard working peasant, in a field one evening, on her return home, was so much struck with the beauty of her person that he felt an instantaneous desire to have her entirely in his own power, and accordingly made overtures of love, to which the pretty innocent, not suspecting any dishonourable views, listened with pleasure, till she found that those views were injurious to her reputation. She then opposed his pressing intreaties, in a manner which sufficiently convinced him that he had no hopes of gaining her in his own way: but as his passion for her became doubly tormenting to him, from the resistance she made to it, he at length, finding every mode of insinuation fruitless, had recourse to violent measures, in order to make her compel her rebellious spirit to be submissive.

Poor

Poor Nancy was now in a perilous situation, and as she did not see a human creature but her formidable companion, she began to be exceedingly alarmed.—She could not escape from her impetuous lover by flight, as he held her fast in his arms by dint of superior strength; but he found it impossible to hinder the exertion of her voice. Her screams were loud, and they soon brought to her aid the very man whom she secretly wished to behold at such a critical juncture, the man to whom she was to have been married in a few days, with the unanimous consent of all the relations on both sides. By her faithful Stephen she was rescued from the unworthy steward, who, as his courage was not equal to his love, left the field without striking a blow, but not without having received indubitable marks of Stephen's resentment, from the activity of his vigorous arm; which gave considerable force to every vibration of his cudgel. The victorious Stephen having delivered his Nancy from the dangerous situation in which he discovered her, carried her home in triumph, and gladdened her good father's heart by the "round unvarnished tale" which he told with regard to his Nancy's recovery.

Moreton, from this time, boiling with anger, and breathing revenge, made it a point to distress
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the old peasant, in a variety of shapes, and indeed he was just going to eject him from his cottage, (from his inability to pay an advanced rent for it) when the news of Lord Fairfield's arrival fortunately suspended his despotic and cruel proceedings. The news happily prevented the poor rustic's expulsion ; but he was reduced to such a state of indigence, by the rigid treatment he had met with, that he was hardly able to provide the common necessaries of life for his children, two sons and a daughter—his dearest Nancy—and they must have been all in a starving condition if a very benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, had not, from time to time furnished them with supplies.

As soon as old Bryan heard of Lord Fairfield's arrival, he determined to get a petition drawn up, fully setting forth his steward's iniquitous practices at large, and the particular cruelty of his behaviour to his family.

When the petition was finished, he pitched upon his Nancy for the presentation of it, and the benevolent lady already mentioned, took care to have her dressed on that day in a style which might not shock the viceroy himself, should he deign to honour her with an audience. Thus equipped, Nancy set out, attended by one of her brothers and her lover.

'Tis

'Tis now time to return to to the exemplary peer. When he had given his fair petitioner an answer with which she was, and had great reason to be, extremely well satisfied, he asked her who accompanied her from her father's cottage, not imagining that so young and so handsome a girl would have been sent upon such an errand by herself.

She told his Lordship, in a manner which made her appear still more amiable in his eyes, that one of her brothers, and the young man who had saved her from being *ruined*, came with her.

This reply was sufficient to make his Lordship desirous of seeing the distressed damsel's deliverer, and the commendable chastizer of his undeserving steward.—There was nothing extraordinary in the brother of Nancy, but there was something in the looks of her lover which powerfully attracted Lord Fairfield's attention. There was a dignity in his appearance, not commonly seen in persons of his rank in life, and there was a manly modesty in his deportment which made him appear to additional advantage. His replies to the questions proposed to him, discovered sagacity, which pointed him out as a person whom nature designed for a higher sphere than that in which he moved. Lord Fairfield, therefore, took him immediately

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under his protection, telling him, that if he could bring himself to leave his friends in the country, he would provide for him in a better way than he had reason to expect.

Stephen bowed profoundly, and expressed his acknowledgments with a heartiness which forcibly evinced the sincerity of his feelings; and Nancy, by her significant looks, plainly enjoyed every syllable which her noble benefactor uttered favorable to her lover, to whom she was soon afterwards given in marriage by his Lordship himself, who not only attended the nuptial ceremony in person, but distinguished the happy pair, by making them valuable presents, which proved the generosity of his temper, and with a propriety that did great honour to his judgment.—But the felicity conferred on the new married couple was not confined to themselves; all their relations partook of the joy which they felt upon the transporting occasion, and every body who knew them, blessed the hand by which it was, under the direction of providence, produced.

On L Y I N G.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, “ not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.”

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other voice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut throat have their followers who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend or apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another, for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy without an adequate temptation, and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitting circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the
subject

subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and perhaps not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it name, I shall distinguish as the lie of vanity.

To vanity may be justly imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or the desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself
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with such light gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce a. y man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit or confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of their relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross a river but
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in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects for conversation.

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehoods, at a greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to run all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized

patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of éminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately unknown.

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to these that surround

round them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done some mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror of her husband, or a mother for her son, and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leasing-making was capitally punished, I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harraßs the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

A N E C D O T E

O F

C H A R L E S the B O L D,

Duke of Burgundy.

CHARLES the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and Earl of Flanders, had a nobleman in special favor with him, to whom he had committed the government of a town in Zealand; where, living in a great deal of ease, he fell in love with a woman

woman of beautiful body, and a mind and manners no way inferior. He passed and repassed by her door; soon after grew bolder, entered into conference with her, discovered his flame, made large promises, and used all the ways by which he hoped to gain her; but all in vain; her chastity was proof against all the batteries he could make against it. Falling therefore into despair, he converts himself into villainy. He was, as I said, a governor; and Duke Charles was busied in war. He causes therefore the husband of his mistress to be accused of treachery, and forth-with commits him to prison; to the end, that by fears or threats he might draw her to his pleasure, or, at least, quit himself of her husband, the only rival with him in his love. The woman, as one that loved her husband, went to the gaol, and thence to the governor, to entreat for him, and try if she was able to obtain his liberty. "Dost thou come, O my dear, to entreat me? (said the governor.) You are certainly ignorant of the empire you have over me; render me only a mutual affection, and I am ready to restore you your husband; for we are both under a restraint: he is my prisoner, and I am your's. Ah, how easily may you give liberty to us both! why do you refuse! As a lover I beseech you, and as you tender my life; as the governor I ask you, and as you tender the life of your husband. Both

are at stake; and, if I must perish, I will not fall alone." The woman blushed at what she heard, and, being in fear for her husband, trembled, and turned pale. He perceiving she was moved, and supposing that some force should be used to her modesty, throws her upon the bed, and enjoyed the fruit which afterwards proved bitter to them both. The woman departed confounded and in tears, thinking of nothing more than revenge; which was still more inflamed by a barbarous act of the governor; for he, having obtained his desire, and hoping hereafter freely to enjoy her, took care that her husband, his rival, should be beheaded in the gaol, and there was the body put into a coffin ready for burial. This done, he sent for her, and in an affable manner, "What (said he) do you seek for your husband? You shall have him; and (pointing to the prison) you shall find him there; take him along with you." The woman suspecting nothing, went her way; but when she saw the body, she fell upon the dead corpse; and, having long lamented over it, she turned to the governor with a fierce countenance and tone. "It is true (said she) you have restored me my husband; I owe you thanks for the favour, and will pay you. He endeavoured to retain and appease her, but in vain, but, hastening home, she called about her, her most faithful friends, and recounted

to them all that had passed. They all agreed that she should make her case known to the duke; who, amongst other excellent virtues was a singular lover of justice. To him she went, was heard, but scarce believed. The Duke was angry and grieved that any of his subjects, and in his dominions, should presume so far. He commanded her to withdraw into the next room, till he sent for the governor, who by chance was then at court. Being come, "Do you know, (said the Duke) this woman?" The man changed colour. "Do you know too (added he) the complaints she makes of you? They are sad ones, and such as I wish should not be true. He shook, faltered in his speech, and betrayed all the signs of guilt. Being urged home, he confessed all, freed the woman from any fault, and casting himself at the Duke's feet, said, "He placed all his refuge and comfort in the good grace and mercy of his prince; and, that he might the better obtain it, he offered to make amends for his unlawful lust, by a lawful marriage of the person he had injured. "The Duke, as one that inclined to what he said, seemed somewhat milder. "You, woman (said he) since it is gone thus far, are you willing to have this man for your husband?" She refused; but fearing the Duke's displeasure, and prompted by the courtiers
that

that he was noble, rich, and in favour with his prince, overcome, at last, she yielded.

The Duke caused both to join hands and the marriage to be lawfully made. Which done, "You (he said to the bridegroom) must now grant me this, that if you die first, without children of your body, that then this wife of your's shall be heir of all that you have." He willingly granted it: it was writ down by a notary, and witnessed. This done, the duke turning to the woman, "There is his will, but there is not mine," said he: and, sending the woman away, he commands the governor to be led to that very prison in which the husband was slain, and to be laid in a coffin headless, as he was. This done, he then sent the woman thither (ignorant of what had passed;) who, frighted with that second unthought of misfortune, of two husbands, almost at one and the same time, lost by one and the same punishment, fell speedily sick, and in a short time died; having gained this only by her last marriage, that she left her children by her former husband very rich by the accession of this new and great inheritance.

A N E C D O T E

OF

COUNT ZINZENDORFF.

THERE is no court in Europe, or it may be in the world, more jealous of its grandeur; than that of Vienna; and of course, the ministers in no court whatever affect greater state, or are at more pains to impress a very high degree of reverence and respect upon all who have the honour to approach them. But it sometimes happens, that, even to candid observers, there are amazing littlenesses, visible in these otherwise great men; and broad streaks of folly now and then appear through all the grave wisdom, and refined policy, of these mighty statesmen. They give law to great kingdoms—they decide on the fate of potent nations—they prescribe rules even to latest posterity—and in the midst of all this attention to others, so it is, that they have great and glaring foibles, uncorrected in themselves; which naturally tarnishes that glory, and diminishes that esteem, in which they should seem to have placed their felicity. The truth of this observation was never more verified, perhaps, than in the following anecdote of the celebrated Count Zinzendorff, Chancellor

cellor of the court, minister for foreign affairs, and Knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

On his public days, there was an half-hour, and sometimes near a whole one, when he was altogether inaccessible; and in respect to his employment at those seasons, as is ever the case as to the privacies of prime ministers, there was great variety of deep as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner, however, resolved to be at the bottom, cost what it would; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater secret, he was let into this. In order to satisfy his curiosity, he was placed in a closet, between the room where the Count was, and the chamber of audience, when he had the satisfaction of beholding the following pleasant scene.

The Count, seated in his elbow chair, gave the signal of his being ready for the important business, when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking glass, one of his principal domestics appeared, who presented a silver salver, with many little pieces of bread elegantly disposed: he was immediately followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small vessels,

fels, filled with so many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency, then tucking his napkin into his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread in each kind of sauce, and having tasted with much deliberation, rinsing his palate (to avoid confusion) after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all. These grand instruments of luxury, with their attendants then were dismissed; and the long expected minister, having fully discussed this interesting affair, found himself at liberty to discharge next the duties of his political function. In a word, with a true Apician eloquence, he generously instructed all the novices in good living; and as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; so he began with a Champignon, no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German forests!

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INTEM-



I N T E M P E R A N C E.

WAR its thousands slays,
 Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled
 plain,
 Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not even there so absolute,
 So merciless as in your frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
 Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
 He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
 Means to be blest:—But finds himself done.
 Down the smooth stream of time the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal skies,
 Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
 Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far,
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
 Suddenly the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep
 O! sad—but sure mischance!

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution
 of body by intemperance, and irregular life, do as
 manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, poi-
 son, or drown themselves.

Cast

Cast an eye into the gay world, what see we for the most part, but a set of quarrellous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical, worn out in keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! The decayed monuments of error! The then remains of what is called delight.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, but its most certain friend: Her proper office is, to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every pleasure with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor, if according to opinion, never rich.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity, fortitude, which in morals is the most heroic virtue.

PASSION not to be ERADICATED.

THE VIEWS OF

WOMEN ILL DIRECTED.

THE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age, till perhaps the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us, that nothing is worth the wish of a wise man, have represented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his
 proposition

proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cause, and elated our confidence with success we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty; and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortrefs to fortrefs, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of reign.

The philosopher having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at last our senses and our instincts. They continue to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore lost the trophies of their former combats, and were considered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these men have been very useful monitors, and have left many proofs of strong reason, deep penetration and accurate attention to the affairs of life,
which

which it is now our business to separate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own use. They have shewn that most of the conditions of life, which raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to murmur at his condition, because, in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking by perpetual changes that ease which is no where to be found, and though his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, must be always, by their own nature, confined
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to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard and most solemn austerity.

For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infest those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into some class of mankind, and, without consulting nature or wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem.

I once knew a man remarkably dimighted, who, by conversing much with country gentlemen, found himself irresistibly determined to sylvan honours. His great ambition was to shoot flying, and he therefore spent whole days in the woods pursuing game; which before he was near enough to see them, his approach frightened away.

When it happens that the desire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with some indulgence, because, however fruitless or absurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of possession, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occasion to stratagems of malignity, and incite opposition, hatred, and defamation. The contest of two rural beauties for preference and distinction is often sufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all those passions which are generally thought the curse only of senates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obscure assembly have their partisans and abettors, often not less exasperated against each other, than those who are promoting the interest of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments

accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness: but perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest, have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely, to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerness by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtue only can deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade the faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their noblest part, & tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they

have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well disposed, than by the brightest act of heroick virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead away minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IF we consider the exercises of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined, seems of equal value, the power of the [soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory

sultory curiosity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but flarts away from systems and complications, which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them, and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to charms of falsehood, however specious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reason. We begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed, till by degrees, a certain number of incontestible or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments or compacted into systems.

At length, weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

T H E

OLD MAN'S TALE.

AS I rode slowly along I perceived an old man seated under the shade of a large tree, which stood a little from the road side. Tears flowed down his cheeks, which were wrinkled with age, and seemingly with care. He was in the attitude of contemplating a small miniature; and his countenance bore the impress of a settled melancholy. In short, his whole appearance was so interesting, that, unable to proceed, I alighted from my horse, and advanced towards him. He did not perceive me, till I had got within a few paces of where he sat; when rousing himself from his melancholy posture, he saluted me respectfully.

“Father,” said I, “excuse the boldness of a stranger, who has presumed to interrupt your meditations; but I find myself so much interested by you, that I am unable to restrain the curiosity which I feel to know your history. Were I to form a judgment from what I have just seen, you must have experienced much sorrow.

The old man eyed me stedfastly for some time, and then replied:—“My son, so much goodness of heart is apparent in you that I cannot refuse to satisfy

satisfy you. Besides, my sorrows may receive some alleviation from the sympathy of a fellow creature. Seat yourself by me, then, and I will briefly relate to you the events of my past life, and those calamities with which it hath pleased Heaven to afflict me." I accordingly sat down by his side under the tree; and he related the following tale, which I have recorded almost word for word, so strong an impression did it leave on my mind.

"I was, once," said he, "by the blessing of Heaven, rich and prosperous. I lived in Paris, and acquired great wealth by merchandize. At the age of thirty, I married an amiable woman, who brought me two sons; but the younger of them was hardly weaned, when the mother was seized with a violent fever, which carried her off in five days. For some time, my sorrow was inconsolable; but when I reflected on what I owed to the two pledges which she had left behind, I endeavoured to shake it off, that I might the better be enabled to fulfil my duty with regard to them. When they had arrived at a proper age, I provided masters for them, who gave them lessons at home; and my mind was amused in observing the progress which they made. Their good dispositions unfolded themselves daily; which, though very different, were equally calculated to delight the

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the heart of a fond parent. Frederick, my elder boy, was lively, gay, and easy; Henry, who was two years younger, was grave, modest, and reserved. The same desire to please me was apparent in both; but their manner of doing so differed exceedingly; Frederick was desirous of showing his readiness: Henry was backward, fearful lest he should do wrong.

“ The days of childhood rolled on, and no circumstance interrupted the harmony of our little family. When business called me from home, I left my sons under the care of the steward. This man was named Jacques; and, by living in my family for many years, he had become so attached to me, and I to him, that we never could bear the idea of parting from each other. He loved my children as if they had been his own; and they, in return, honoured and respected him as much as their own father.

“ As the two lads advanced in years, I determined to let them follow the bent of their own inclinations; both from the love which I bore them myself, and as a tribute of respect to the memory of their departed mother. This indulgence, on my part, produced perfect love and confidence from them towards me; not as is generally the case,

case, rebellion, and disobedience. My elder son had been inclined to the possession of arms from his infancy; and, when he had reached his twentieth year, I purchased a commission for him, and he was immediately ordered out on foreign service. It was my wish to have kept them both near me till my death; but I smothered that sentiment, as well as the sorrow which I felt at his departure, lest they might tend to discourage him; for ardour to acquire military renown beat high in his bosom, and I did not think it was my duty to check it.

“ When he had been gone a few months, I grew weary of the noise and bustle of the metropolis; and, my son Henry having expressed an inclination for a rural life, I determined to withdraw from the cares of business. Accordingly, having realized a handsome sufficiency, I purchased an estate in a beautiful retired part of Switzerland. My house which was of a middling size, and neat, was erected upon a verdant lawn; on which numerous flocks of sheep, & their young ones, were continually pastured. On the extremity of the lawn, to the left-hand, a transparent stream flowed gently along, overshadowed by willows and young poplars. From the house, our ears were continually delighted with the soft murmuring of the river, and the warbling of the birds in the trees. To
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the right a path led across the lawn to our garden. Here every vegetable and every fruit grew in abundance, and the most grateful perfumes exhaled from a variety of flowers. In short, nature and art seemed to have combined in forming for us a retreat the most beautiful, from the noisy capital of France.

“ In this delicious spot then, we took up our residence. My son daily exercised himself in acts of benevolence and charity. He rode among the poor neighbours, relieving the distressed, and administering consolation to the unhappy. He, in return, was beloved by them universally. All their differences were referred to him, and perfect acquiescence was always given to his decision.— Unhappy boy!” exclaimed the old man; “ thy days were short and full of sorrow!”

After a short pause, he again continued—“ there lived,” said he, “ in our neighbourhood, a person of very high rank, and possessed of great riches, named Moulville. Family pride was deeply rooted in his bosom, and almost extinguished the nobler passions of the soul; and though, on some occasions, the latter might get the ascendant, they were soon made subordinate to the ruling passion. He had been united to a lovely woman, who mar-

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ried

ried him in obedience to the commands of her parents, though strongly against her inclination. The consequence was, that a deep sorrow settled on her mind; which affecting her health, and threw her into a deep decline, of which she died about a year and a half after the marriage. She left behind her one daughter who inherited much of the mother's disposition. A melancholy sweetness beamed from her large blue eyes, and sat on her placid countenance. Her person was of a middling size, but graceful; her voice was gentle and harmonious: but the beauties of her mind far excelled those of her body; she was virtuous, humane, pious, and affectionate. In a word, Julia possessed every quality which can endear woman. Of her the father was passionately fond, and he spared no expence in bestowing on her such an education as from her situation in life, he thought her justly entitled to.

“ With them we had maintained no correspondence since our arrival at that part of the world; and it was by mere chance that we ever became intimate. It happened that, as Moulville and his daughter were one morning taking their accustomed ride, the horse of the latter took fright, & galloped away at full speed, in spite of Julia to stop it. Chance conducted the animal near our habitation,
just

just as Henry and I were returning from a ramble about the country. No sooner did he perceive the danger to which the lovely girl was exposed, than he flew, with the rapidity of lightning, to her assistance. The horse was within a few yards of a fearful precipice, in which that part of the country abounds; Henry seized the bridle, and fortunately without receiving any injury. He caught Julia, almost lifeless, in his arms; and, having seated her on the grass, he hastened to the stream, which flowed near the spot where they were, for some water. Scarcely had the girl began to revive, when old Moulville rode up quite frantic and breathless. As soon as he perceived his daughter safe, and learnt to whom he was indebted for her preservation, he flew round Henry's neck and loaded him with caresses. When the first transports of his joy were over, they conducted Julia to my habitation, whence having perfectly recovered her spirits, she was conveyed home.

“ From that time an intimacy commenced, which has been the occasion of most of my subsequent calamities. We were now continually at each other's house; and from the frequent opportunities which Henry and Julia had of being in each others company, a friendship commenced; which from the similarity of their disposition, terminated in a settled mutual affection.

“ About the middle of that part of the spring which murmured by my habitation, a lofty oak reared its venerable head. It had stood there for ages; and time had rather increased than diminished its beauty and its strength. Round its trunk at the bottom, Henry had, for his amusement, placed seats; and he delighted in retiring thither, at the close of the day, to read or to play on his flute. Hither it was, too, that, after our connection with Moulville, he delighted to resort with his beloved Julia. When the sultry heat of day was past, they used to walk by the side of the water, under the shadow of the trees; and, when weary, seated themselves beneath the oak, admiring the beauties which nature displayed on every side. The verdure of the surrounding country, the warbling of the birds on the neighbouring bushes and trees, and the setting sun which tinged the tops of the mountains with its last expiring rays, by turns called forth their admiration. They would frequently remain here till the shades of night entirely obscured the hemisphere; and, even then wondered at the rapidity with which the hours had flown away.

“ Time, however, obliterates the strongest impressions which are made on the human mind. It was now about a twelvemonth since our connection

tion with Moulville had commenced. Hitherto he had shewn no repugnance at the intimacy between his daughter and Henry ; for he was strongly sensible of the obligation which he lay under to the latter : the moment, however, that this sentiment grew weaker, he began to reflect on the impolicy of allowing them to continue together any longer. He accordingly resolved to separate them, though he cautiously concealed his real motives for so doing ; he clothed it under the pretence of the situation disagreeing with him ; and of his having some private business of the greatest importance to transact at Paris, which required his constant attendance there. For my part, I clearly penetrated his true intention ; and I too well knew, that no persuasion could make him alter his resolution. As this was the case, I entreated Henry to shake off his sorrow which had seized his mind on hearing Moulville's determination ; and I exhorted him to endeavour to get the better of his attachment, by reflecting on the impossibility of obtaining the object of his affection.

“ The day before Moulville's departure, we all met at my house. I was concerned at the sadness which sat on the countenances of the young people ; but Moulville did not seem to observe it : he, however, put on a fair appearance, and expressed

pressed deep sorrow at parting with friends who were so dear to him, and to whom he was under lasting obligations. He likewise entreated us, if ever we came to Paris, to make his house our home. My son was, once or twice, on the point of declaring the mutual love which subsisted between Julia and him, had I not checked him by a look. In truth I imagined such a declaration might give the old gentleman occasion to part in anger; and, as I hoped that absence might extinguish their affection, I was unwilling that this should be the case.

“ In the afternoon, the weather being beautiful, Henry and Julia wandered out to their accustomed retreat. Here they walked up and down for some time in profound silence: they then seated themselves under the tree; and the recollection of the pleasure which they had so often enjoyed in each other's company in this spot, and the recollection of it's being, perhaps, the last time that they should ever meet there again, caused the tears to trickle plentifully down their cheeks. Often did they attempt to speak, and as often did their sorrow deprive them of utterance. Henry, at length, recovered himself so far as to say, “ Dear Julia, perhaps your father may return again: he, surely, cannot be so unkind as to separate us for ever!

ever! Come what will, I am resolved to follow you; for death itself would be preferable to separation from you." Julia, who knew her father's disposition and intentions but too well, looked at him pensively, and heaved a sigh. As a token of her sincere and unceasing affection, however, she presented him with the small miniature of herself, which you saw in my hand; and he received and preserved it as something sacred.

"The shades of night were beginning to set in, when Moulville took his leave of me, as he intended to depart early the next morning. I accordingly accompanied him to the spot where Henry and Julia were seated; whence, having again bade us farewell, he took his departure homewards, with his daughter; and I, with Henry, directed my steps towards the house again.

"The melancholy which fixed on the young man, for some time after his departure, gave me the greatest concern. Instead of pursuing the occupations in which he formerly took delight, he was continually wandering about the spots which he used to frequent with his beloved Julia. Sometimes he pressed me to return to Paris, but I constantly objected to this; because, as I said before, I was in hopes that absence would weaken his attachment,

tachment, and by degrees entirely extinguish it. I one morning took him into my study, and said to him " My dear son, from the well known character of Moulville, from the pride of high rank and superior fortune, I am well convinced in my own mind that he can never be brought to consent to his daughter's being espoused to the son of a merchant. Though, from a sense of obligation to you, he has not openly avowed his real purpose in removing from hence, yet I clearly perceive it is to dissolve the connection between you and his daughter. Since this is the case, then my dear Henry, shake off the melancholy which hangs on your mind, and do not let sorrow prey on your health."

" He made no reply; but, as soon as I had ended, he rose, and left the room: whence he hastened to the tree, where he gazed for some time on the picture, and burst into tears.

" Some time after this, he affected a cheerfulness which but ill concealed the anguish of his mind. I imagined, however, that he began to see the propriety of what I had urged, and was endeavouring to follow my advice. I was pleasing myself with the hope that he might soon succeed; but, alas! this expectation was blasted by an event which plunged me in woe unutterable.

" One

“ One morning—it was in the summer season—I had risen, as was usual with me, about six o’clock. The weather was charming; and, being desirous of taking a ramble about the country, I went to Henry’s room, to ask him to accompany me. As no answer was returned to frequent calls I opened his door, but the room was empty. Supposing then, that he had gone out before me, I wandered along, expecting to meet or overtake him. I passed by his favourite resort, and pursued the road we usually took together; but I saw no trace of him. I imagined, on this, that he might have taken a different road, and returned home to breakfast; but several hours had elapsed after it was over, without either seeing or hearing of him. I now grew very anxious; for he was always regular and punctual. Servants were dispatched to different parts of the country to search for him; but they all returned at night, without success. I now feared that the agitation of his mind might have produced some fatal effect; and accordingly gave orders that his body should be sought for in all the neighbouring rivers and at the bottoms of the precipices; but, alas! after the most diligent enquiry for more than a week, I could not obtain the smallest intelligence of him.

Home now became a burden to me, and I resolved to seek for Henry in person. Accordingly, having entrusted the management of my household to Jacques, I directed my course towards Paris; supposing, now that he had gone thither, in the hope of meeting his beloved Julia. The idea of his having taken that road did not strike me, at first, for two reasons: first, because I conceived it impossible for him to have gone away without being seen by any of the neighbours; and, secondly, because I did not believe that he would have taken such a step without consulting my inclination. Now, however, it was the only honourable conjecture that remained; and I determined to hasten thither with all possible speed.

“ I accordingly proceeded with the greatest expedition; but the heat, occasioned by hasty travelling in a sultry season, combined with the violent agitation of my spirits, threw me into a burning fever, before I had half reached the end of my journey.

“ I was obliged to stop at a little village, where I was put to bed; but my disease increased to such a degree, that I entirely lost the use of my reason and became distracted. I continued in this dreadful situation for some time; when through
the

the goodness of my constitution, the fever abated, and my senses by degrees returned. When they were restored, I perceived one of my servants seated by me, who had been dispatched by Jacques immediately on hearing of my indisposition; but hitherto no intelligence had transpired concerning Henry.

“ It was a long time before I had so far recovered my strength, as to have the power of rising from my bed. When, however, I grew so well as to be able to travel again, I prepared to proceed towards Paris; but the physician who attended me, and who had been informed of the occasion of my journey, gave me positive orders to the contrary. He declared, that a certain relapse would be the consequence; and, in that case, it would be impossible for me ever to recover. Accordingly, in obedience to his command, and advice, I took the road homewards: fully determined, however, to dispatch my steward to Paris, the moment that I arrived.

“ It was about sun-set when the carriage stopped at the source of the stream which meandered by the side of my lawn. The evening was mild, and I determined to get out and walk towards the house. As I proceeded under the trees, a gentle melancholy diffused itself over my mind

when I reflected how often Henry and I had here wandered together and how often in this very spot, he had enjoyed the company of his lovely Julia. This sensation increased as I approached the tree; and I was on the point of turning back, lest the sight of it, the remembrance of past happiness, compared with my present sorrowful condition, should overwhelm my mind, had not something pleasing in the recollection determined me to go on. As I approached the oak, I discovered somebody seated under its shades; and on coming nearer, I perceived Jacques with his eyes riveted on the ground. An unusual sorrow appeared in his countenance, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. When I had got within a few paces of the tree, I called him by his name. At my well-known voice he rose up, and flew towards me; he then seized my hand, and pressed it to his lips. I urged him to inform me whether he had yet heard any thing of Henry. When I pronounced that name, his tears redoubled: he attempted to speak, but the poor fellow's heart was so full, that his voice was entirely choaked. At length he got out, with much difficulty—"My dear, dear master!—poor Henry returned last night, but I fear—" When he had thus spoken, I broke from him, and flew to the house: I hastened

ened to my son's room, where he lay reclined upon a couch.

“ The emaciated appearance of the young man struck me. His flesh was entirely fallen away; his colour was faded, and his eyes were sunk in his head. He turned them towards me, as I opened the door, and stretched his hand, I ran to him, and clasped him in my arms. For some time our agitation was so great, that we were unable to utter a syllable; but at length, fearing lest the disorder of his spirits should hasten on his dissolution, which I too clearly perceived was approaching, I exhorted him to compose himself to rest, and I sat down by him.

“ Sleep, however, fled from his eyes; and he passed the weary hours in relating to me, with a suffocated voice, what had befallen him since he had left home. He informed me that, at twelve o'clock at night, he had set out in disguise; and that having walked about three miles to a place where a conveyance stood ready for him, he had bent his course to Paris; that, having arrived there, he went to the house of Moulville, who now threw off the mask, openly denied him admittance, and desired to be troubled with his visits no longer: that this circumstance had entirely broken his spirits; and, feeling his health likewise beginning

ning to decay, he had been seized with remorse for the sorrow he had occasioned me, and had resolved to return. He concluded by entreating my pardon for the step he had taken; which, he declared, he never could have done, had he not been apprehensive that I would have opposed his intentions. " Let me hear, " cried he, that I have your forgiveness, and I shall die content !"

" The poor youth was so exhausted, that, I perceived all medical assistance would be vain. Nevertheless, I sent for a physician, but he only confirmed me in my opinion. I accordingly prepared myself for the worst, and became quite resigned to the will of Heaven. The fourth day after his arrival, the near approach of death became apparent. In affect, about seven o'clock in the evening, he fainted away; and, when he had a little revived, he pressed Julia's picture to his lips, feebly pronounced her name and mine; and then, heaving a deep sigh from his bosom, expired!

" The effect which this event had on my mind, was entirely different from what I imagined. Instead of growing frantic, a deep melancholy seized my mind. As soon as I perceived that life had ceased to animate the frame of my son, I left the room, and wandering pensively across the lawn

to the tree. I seated myself under its shade, in a stupefaction of sorrow. Here I remained the whole night; nor could the most earnest entreaties of my faithful steward prevail on me to retire to the house. In the morning I rose up, and walked again towards it. I went up to the room where Henry lay, and sat contemplating his lifeless image for several hours together. Poor Jacques, perceiving entreaties to be ineffectual, was obliged to employ force. He had me conveyed to a different apartment, where he made me take some little nourishment to support nature. He thinking that the best method of diminishing my sorrow, would be to remove the object of it, he gave orders with regard to Henry's burial without delay. He wished to conceal his purpose from me, till it was over; but, by some means or other I learned his intention. Accordingly on the day which he meant to perform the last honours to my son, I told him that my spirit's felt more easy; and informed him, that I had been acquainted with his design: I begged him also as he valued my life, to allow me to accompany the body to the tomb.

Perceiving the eagerness with which I made the request, and fearing lest a refusal might cause me to take some fatal resolution, he complied. I accordingly followed the remains of my son, and
composed

composed my mind by reflecting that he was now in the arms of an all-wise and merciful Being, who would fully recompence him for the days of sorrow which were allotted him on this earth.

“ When the funeral service was over, I again directed my steps to Henry’s retreat. Here, as I sat absorbed in deep meditation and sorrow, I heard the sounds of a horse’s feet near me. At first, I took little notice of it, and did not even raise my eyes from the ground. The person, however, came on; and, having approached the spot where I was seated, made a stop. I now looked up, and perceived a gentleman in regimentals; but, gracious Heaven! how can I express my astonishment, when I recognized the features of my eldest son. He leaped from his horse, and clasped me in his arms; exclaiming—“ My dear, dear father!” For my part, as soon as I discovered my Frederick, I swooned away. On recovering, I found myself in the parlour; and perceived my son looking stedfastly in my face, anxiously watching a returning animation.

“ One extreme generally runs into another diametrically opposite. Frederick, who returned loaded with honour, and whose joy was inexpressible, when he reflected that he was, ere long, to
throw

throw himself into the arms of a respected parent, and an affectionate brother, no sooner learned the melancholy situation of affairs, than he sunk into the lowest despondency. This fixed so deeply on his mind, that no art could remove it: in short; his reason became deranged; raving madness, and deep despair, possessed his mind by turns; and reason's fair empire was for ever lost. The unfortunate young man is now confined in a private receptacle for lunatics, whence there is no prospect of his ever being released.

“ As to poor Julia, she survived Henry but a short time. When she heard of his death, her health drooped; and she sunk into the grave, in the prime of her youth. Her father when too late became sensible of his error. Inward remorse seized him: he was continually tormented by the throes of conscience; and one night he disappeared from Paris, nor has any intelligence been heard of him since.

“ Thus was I plunged from the fairest prospects, to the lowest depth of human misery. I have long since left the spot which recalled so many mournful remembrances to my mind. I, however, daily offer up thanks to God, for granting me fortitude to support calamities the most mournful. He it was that bestowed children upon me, and

assuredly he had a right to dispose of them as he might think proper. Far should it be from mortal man to repine at the dispensations of Providence. The Almighty brings about his gracious purposes, by means of which we are, and ought to be entirely ignorant. For my part, I wait with patience for the time when he may please to call me hence, and feel comfort in relying altogether upon him. He, I humbly trust, will provide a place for me in the mansion of everlasting peace, where I shall be fully recompensed for the miseries which I have suffered on this earth."

Here the old man concluded his story. We sat in profound silence for some time; when, rising from my seat, I seized his hand and pressed it to my lips: then, having taken an affectionate leave of each other, I remounted my horse, and rode forward.

Religious and Moral Duty

TO BE ENCOURAGED IN CHILDREN.

CONSCIENCE is another natural power of the soul, wherein the principles of virtue and rules of duty to God and man are to be laid up: it is something within us that calls us to account
for

for our faults, and by which we pass a judgement concerning ourselves and our actions.

Children have a conscience within them, and it should be awakened early to its duty. They should be taught to reflect and look back upon their own behaviour, to call themselves often to account, to compare their deeds with those good rules and principles laid up in their minds, and to see how far they have complied with them, and how far they have neglected them. Parents should teach their children to pay a religious respect to the inward dictates of virtue within them, to examine their actions continually by the light of their own consciences, and to rejoice when they can approve themselves to their own minds; that they have acted well according to the best of their knowledge: they ought also to attend to the inward reproofs of conscience, and mourn, and be ashamed, and repent when they have sinned against their light. It is of admirable use toward all the practices of religion and every virtue, to have conscience well stored with good principles, and to be always kept tender and watchful; it is proper that children should learn to reverence and obey this inward monitor betimes, that every wilful sin may give their consciences a sensible pain and uneasiness, and that they may be disposed to sacrifice

every thing else to considerations of conscience, and to endure any extremities rather than act contrary to it.

NECESSITY OF PRUDENCE,

IN EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

AT the first setting out in life, especially when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty, youth should beware of the seducing appearances which surround them, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If any passion be allowed, even though it should be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, their inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, they may date from that moment the ruin of their tranquillity.

Nor with the season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interest and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their influence
over

over those periods of life which ought to be the most tranquil.

From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions and violent desires were not made for man: they exceed his sphere; they find no adequate object on earth; and, of course, can be productive of nothing but misery.

The certain consequence of indulging them is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

MATILDA:

OR THE

CONQUEST OF LOVE.

IN a small reclusé village, on the borders of Wales, stands the castle of Howarth. The noble owner of this venerable structure, from motives of choice, generally resided in this secluded spot; and dedicated the chief of his time in improving the interests of his tenantry, and in administering

administering to the necessities of the indigent and worthy families of the hamlet. Among the many objects that shared in his benevolence, was a family of the name of Llandford, who once basked in the sunshine of fortune, though at this moment struggling in the toils of adversity. The munificence of Lord Howarth, however, sheltered them from want; and, in some measure, repaired the injuries they had experienced from the ingratitude of those, in whom, in their prosperous days, they had placed an unbounded and fatal confidence. Matilda, their only child, at the moment they became acquainted with Lord Howarth, had just attained her fifteenth year. Her parents had used their utmost endeavours to form her mind as lovely as her person; and it was no small alleviation to their misfortunes, to find that the object which they so anxiously sought, had been effected even beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Lord Howarth, in his frequent visits to the habitation of Mr. Llandford, had imbibed a fatherly fondness for this lovely girl; and, anxious to complete the structure, the foundation of which had been laid by the judicious hand of paternal care, he had obtained permission of her parents to send her to a boarding-school, in the environs of this metropolis, where she might pursue every polite
and

and useful study, essential to the formation of an accomplished understanding.

The separation of Matilda from her parents was a painful moment: but the mind that suffered most from this event, was that of Lovel Seymour, the orphan child of Llandford's sister, who, having lost his parents while very young, had been the play-mate of Matilda from her earliest state of infancy. Between these young people there existed an attachment, which might be justly denominated love; though in all probability, they had not taught themselves to consider any more than playful fondness, which generally subsists between brother and sister.

The parents of Lovel, at the time of their death, had committed the little infant, with the whole of his patrimony, which was something less than 100*l.* a year, to the management of Mr. Llandford; and, with a scrupulous attention to honesty, he had faithfully discharged the important trust. Lovel had now numbered eighteen years, and his guardian proposed sending him to the university; a proposition which the young man readily closed with: for, since the absence of Matilda, his life was become irksome: and those studies and pursuits, which in her society had afforded him the
most

most exalted pleasure, were no longer objects of delight. The walks in which he had so often strayed, with his lovely companion, the scenes of nature which with her he was wont to view with delight, no longer possessed the power to charm: All around seemed a barren waste; each succeeding hour became more painful; and, thus a stranger to happiness, he bade adieu to Castle Howarth, with a too firm reliance on time and absence for the recovery of that tranquillity which he had innocently lost.

But, to return to the benevolent Earl; who, in some measure, participated in the anxieties of the lorn Seymour. His Lordship was not aware that the partiality he bore the infant beauty, was so nearly allied to love as her absence had taught him. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to drive her image from his mind: but though, like the restless tide, that leaves awhile the pebbly shore, and to its stated boundary again returns, it often retired from memory's retentive eye; yet still the wanderer to its native home returned, which added lustre and increasing power.

In the early part of his life, his Lordship had been rejected, by a lady on whom he had placed his affections; and for many years laboured under the
pangs

pangs of disappointed love: but this incident, so fatal to his hopes of bliss, had not soured his temper; and though careless of the society of the sex, his enlightened mind spurned with contempt the fatal doctrine, which instructs the heart to deem a second love incompatible with justice, and an enemy to virtue. And surely, in weak—I had almost said vicious—mind only, this pernicious principle will be found. Must I because the rude, untutored finger of accident has snatched from my embrace the woman who first possessed my heart, for ever mourn a loss which no earthly power can restore? Must I for this ever steel my heart against the power of beauty, and the more attractive charms of mind, and deny myself the first of human joys, connubial society? Forbid it Reason and forbid it Justice! Seek not, then, ye mistaken parents, to plant in the docile minds of your offspring this germe of error, so destructive to happiness, so inimical to the growth of virtue, and so degrading to the noble feelings of humanity.

“ Tho’ flaunting lovely to the eye,
 And sweet the woodbine’s honied breath;
 As climb its tendrils smooth on high,
 The sapling it entwines with death.”

Three years had now expired since Matilda left the village ; during which time she had kept up a regular correspondence with her parents, and her generous patron, the noble Howarth, in which they saw with pleasure the progress she made in her studies. It was thought expedient for her to quit the boarding-school, and to engage in that society for which her years and accomplishments had qualified her. For this purpose the Earl proposed a journey to London, to Mr. and Mrs. Llandford; and to invite Mr. Seymour to meet them there. To this arrangement the parents of Matilda assented ; and in a few days after they began their journey to the metropolis, in their way to which they called for Matilda.

If the beauty of the innocent girl, when emblematical only of the opening rose, forcibly impressed the heart of the Earl, and kindled in his breast the flambent fires of love ; what were his feelings, and what its effects, when the full blown flower met his enraptured sight ; Lost in wonder and admiration, he gazed in silence on the beautiful maid ; then clasped her in his arms ; and, as he kissed her crimson cheek, the tear of fondness glistened in his eye. But, checking the wild transports of his love, he reflected on the disparity of their
their

their ages; and, for the first time, his bosom felt the pangs of despair,

Meantime the impatient Lovel waited their arrival. He also corresponded with Matilda; had made his fondness known; and received from the ingenuous maid a full confession of the esteem she bore him.

The mind of love is too apt to regard every act of friendship and attention to its object, as being actuated by sinister designs. Hence Lovel looked on the noble Earl, though verging near his fiftieth year, as a dangerous and powerful rival. Thus admitting into his mind the restless and perturbed spirit of jealousy, the deportment of the lovely maid, at their meeting, appeared to him distant and reserved. Her replies to his impassioned protestations of affection were less animated, he thought, than the charest modesty might without a blush admit; and in short, like Faulkland, he suspected every action as regardless of his fondness and an enemy to his love; and, while he tormented his own moments with groundless jealousies, and ill timed inquietudes, he embittered those of the woman he loved.

Several weeks rolled on; and as the beauties of Matilda, and the rich culture of her mind, dis-

closed themselves to the attentive and enquiring eye of Earl Howarth, his passion still increased. His unwearied attention, his repeated marks of benevolence, and paternal tenderness, had inspired the bosom of Matilda with a filial regard; and gratitude taught her to look on her benefactor as the first & chiefest source of her happiness. With these sentiments warmly impressed on her mind, she was sitting one evening in the drawing-room, when his Lordship entered. He came resolutely determined to disclose the state of his mind; and to hear from the mistress of his heart the sentence that was to make him the happiest, or most wretched of men.

Seating himself, therefore, by the side of Matilda, he discovered to her, in a few words, the affection he entertained for her; and earnestly entreated a candid and unequivocal answer to his suit. Wonder and surprize, at this unexpected declaration, for some moments held in silence the blushing maid. At length, she raised her streaming eyes; and with a look of mingled pity and regret, gazed on the expecting, trembling Earl.

“ Too much of kindness,” said she, “ have I experienced from your bounty, for a whole life of gratitude to repay. Oh! do not, then, urge the acceptance of an honour too great for the humble
merits

merits of the poor Matilda. From among the beauties of the court, where, with worth far greater, with beauty far excelling, that which a low dependant boasts, illustrious birth and fortune's splendid charms unite to swell the train of greatness—from these select some happy maid to share your love, and banish from your thoughts——”

Never! never! interrupted the noble Earl, “can I drive Matilda's image from my doating mind. It is my greatest bliss to love you; and though you frown on my passion, and spurn me from you with contempt, I still shall live your slave.”

“Should I confess to you, my Lord, that my heart even before I knew your worth, was given to another, will that secure me from the importunities of your love?”

“Adversity in love, Matilda, has armed my soul with fortitude to bear the pangs of disappointment; nor will, I trust, the noble virtue, in this conflicting moment, deny it's kind support. Your candour charms me; and while I regret, I must applaud the constancy that dooms me miserable.” His Lordship bowed, and retired. Matilda rose from her seat; and with a quick and uncertain step, paced the room, in all the agony of grief.

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In this situation the enamoured Lovel surprized her, and eager'y enquired the cause of her tears. Nor did he ask in vain. The weeping maid told her sad tale. The trembling lover listened with an almost breathless attention to her words: then, musing awhile, embraced the partner of his grief; and with heroick firmness exclaimed—"Then let us, Matilda, shew to the world a conduct worthy of emulation; and prove by example, that friendship, raised on the basis of love, is the greatest felicity which human nature can enjoy! It were madness, the very height of folly, in us, to sacrifice all for love! Accept, then, the hand of the noble Howarth; nor let ingratitude, while it wounds his breast, plant a scorpion in yours."

"And can Lovel, can he, who has so often sworn eternal constancy, forget the maid he loves?"

"No, Matilda, no! Your worth and beauty will ever remain in my memory, will ever bloom there in undiminished lustre. But tell me, can you see the virtuous Howarth, whose fostering care transplanted you from the bleak and barren waste of Poverty, into the rich and grateful soil of Affluence; whose munificence raised the drooping fortunes of your family; and on those brows, where dejected misery brooding sat, spread pleasure's cheerful smile—can you see, unmoved, such
exalted

exalted worth the prey of grief? Can you, regardless, view the pining anguish of his mind? Oh, no! your gentle nature would shudder at the scene; and keen repentance, too late in its aid to repair the ravages of guilt, embitter every future moment of your life."

Matilda leaned on the bosom of her lover, and wept aloud. The tortured Earl entered the room and beheld the conflicting passions that heaved her swelling breast. "My Lord," said Lovel, "Matilda waits to throw herself at your feet, and ask forgiveness for her fault. She has imprudently listened to my still more imprudent, though artless tale of love. Convinced, however, of the error of our conduct, we have mutually agreed to cancel, and bury in oblivion, the vows we have exchanged; and she in giving herself, and I in resigning her to your Lordship, experience an inward satisfaction far beyond expression; and which no incident in our past lives ever did, and we are persuaded of our future, ever can convey." Lovel, afraid to trust his resolution, hurried out of the room; and, without waiting to be informed whether his offer was accepted or rejected, instantly set out on his return to the university.

His lordship could only admire in silence the manly fortitude of his rival, as his precipitate retreat

treat deprived him of the opportunity of replying to his firm and animated rejection of Matilda's hand. And now his utmost care was directed to the weeping maid—

“ With soften'd accent, and expressive eye,
The faultless lord regards her quiv'ring fear;
His gentle voice repels the swelling sigh,
His fond endearment stops the rolling tear.”

Matilda resolved to follow the example of her lover; and, aided by time, and the endearing fondness of his lordship, after a long and painful struggle, suppressed the restless wishes of her rebel heart, and gave her hand, and with it her affections to the noble Earl. The first year of their marriage produced an heir to the ancient title and domains of Castle Howarth; the former of which, on the demise of the present Earl without issue, would have been extinct. It was at this happy period that the worthy Seymour, on the invitation of the noble Earl, visited the castle. The cheerfulness of his conversation, and easy manners, confirmed the conquest he had made over his passion; and he enjoyed several months of uninterrupted happiness in the society of the venerated Earl, and his dear Matilda: for still they were dear to each other; but of such a pure nature was their fondness

ness, that even lynx-eyed suspicion could not have felt alarm from its innocent indulgence.

During the residence of Lovel at the castle, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, between whom and the Earl an intimacy of many years had subsisted, paid a visit to the countess. On this young lady the Earl, and his amiable consort, sought to attach the affections of Lovel; and in a short time they found a mutual fondness had taken place. His lordship, to prevent any reluctance on the part of his friend to the choice his daughter had made, prevailed on the then incumbent of the living of Castle Howarth—who had received this establishment from his lordship's father, and of course was pretty far advanced in years—to secede the rectory, on condition of receiving an equivalent during his life; and then, with his wonted liberality, presented it to the former rival of his love.

Having thus provided an establishment for his young friend, he himself wrote to Sir William Ackland, for his consent to the union of the fair Laura with the worthy Lovel. His lordship's recommendation was sufficient for Sir William; and, the usual preliminaries being settled, the young couple were united in the presence of the earl and

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countess

countess, and family of the bride. The subsequent lives of these couples shewed the world that, though disappointed in their first love, they enjoyed unbounded felicity; and by their example, proved how impolitick, and how unjust, is the conduct of inexperienced youth, in yielding implicitly to the impulses of a wayward passion, which though perhaps founded on the principles of virtue, may, in its completion, prove the source of wretchedness.

A N A C C O U N T O F
GENERAL HARCOURT's
 SURPRISING THE
REBEL GENERAL LEE,
During the American War.

IN December 1776, Lieu. Col. Harcourt (afterwards Genl. Harcourt) went out to reconnoitre, determined to discover how the rebels were posted; he took thirty men with him, rode all night, and got into the midst of their posts unperceived; in the morning he fell in with one of their advanced sentinels, and dispatched a dragoon, who cut him down; he had not gone far before he perceived another, whom he caused to be

be

be secured; while this was doing, a horseman galloped up to the party before he perceived them: he was stopped and questioned by Colonel Harcourt; he had a letter from Lee to some rebel officers, yet denied knowing where Lee was quartered; but the Colonel ordering a rope to be got ready to tie him up, he, without further hesitation, pointed out the house; the party went directly to the place, received the fire of a guard posted in an out-house, without loss, killed the two sentinels at the door, entered and took their prisoner, after killing all those who resisted: he had in his company a Frenchman, who lately joined them from some of the French islands, but had not received his commission from the congress. Colonel Harcourt's activity in this affair, as on every other, merits the highest encomiums: from the time of meeting the first sentinel to mounting the prisoner, was scarce fifteen minutes: he was brought to head quarters; General Howe would not see him, he was properly taken care of at Brunswick, in the Jerseys.



T H E

DEPARTURE of the YEAR.

WHITHER so fast? to woo thy longer stay,
Impatient year! the warmest pray'rs we'll
try:

Vain are our wishes, and in vain we pray—
Unkindly, time! ah! ah, why so bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
Lull the fleet greybear with the charm divine:
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
Nor will one moment to the strain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance;
We'll lure him back with sprightliness and joy!
See, see! he faster flies, nor deigns a glance;
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

“ Let the churl go!” cries folly, with a stare;
“ Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight;
Time, when he's tardy, saddles us with care,
And care destroys life's principle, delight.”—

Delight!—I wrong thee, or thou mean'st excess;
There all thy hope, thy dearest joy, is plac'd!
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confess,
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waste.

Delight's

Delight's the genuine temper of the soul,
 That honour fashions, and temptations proves;
 How unlike thine, that stoops to the controul
 Of sensual meanness, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the year, whose flight thou hold'st in
 scorn,
 Gone to the records of eternal fate,
 Swells those memorials for the last, dread morn,
 With all that honour'd or disgrac'd it's date.

Could'st thou behold the tale of infancy,
 Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy
 name;
 Thou'd'st seek to hide thee from thyself, to fly—
 Lost as thou art, to honour, and to shame.

To thee is giv'n to greet the rising year;
 Haply, not thine to witness it's decay:
 At heav'n's just bar, ere that, thou may'st appear,
 The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then seize the moment in the power of hope;
 Lo! the destroying angel's on his course:—
 Hasten, ere justice takes it's awful scope,
 And, by repentance, deprecate it's force!

A N E C D O T E

O F

Mr. O R M E,

*The intelligent Historian of the War
in India.*

WHEN this gentleman presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidfon, who acted under him, one day at breakfast being asked by Mr. Orme, *of what profession his father was?* Davidfon replied, that he was a saddler. And pray, said Orme, why did he not breed you a saddler? "I was always whimsical, said Davidfon, and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East India Company's service." "But pray sir," continued he, "What profession was your father?" "My father," answered the Historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why, retorted Davidfon, with great simplicity and bluntness, "did he not breed you up a gentleman?"

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E
O F A
L I G H T D R A G O O N,
During the late American War.

A LIGHT dragoon was dispatched by Lord Cornwallis to carry a letter of some consequence, to an officer on one of the out posts. In passing near a thicket, he was fired at by some of the provincials; he instantly pretended to fall from his horse, hanging with his head down to the ground, which the light horse do with great ease. The Americans, four in number, supposing him killed, ran from their cover to seize their booty; but when they came within a few yards of him, the light dragoon in an instant recovered his saddle, and with his carabine shot the first of them dead; he then drew his pistol and dispatched the second, and immediately attacked the other two with his sword, who surrendered themselves his prisoners, and he drove them before him into the camp. In return for this act of bravery, General Howe made him a Serjeant, and represented the exploit to the King.

A N E C D O T E S

OF

SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

IN 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they retired a great way without being able to resist; however when they came to collect their force, and to recoil upon our army, Major Erskine, (who was afterwards knighted by his Majesty, for his bravery in Germany) of the 15th regiment of light-dragoons, was posted in a village in the front of our army. In a very foggy morning, soon after the patrols reported all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vedettes having seen a large body of cavalry coming to surprize him: he instantly mounted his horse, and sallied out at the head of the picquet, of only fifty men; leaving orders for his regiment to mount and follow with speed, without beating a drum, or making any noise; he attacked their advanced guard in the cursory way of light cavalry, and continued so to do, while his men were joined by fives and tens, and the French cavalry were forming to resist his attack; before which, he collected the whole of his men, and then retired, the surgeon of the regiment in the mean time having carried off the baggage.

Among

Among many similar instances of success, in the course of the war, is that of this officer on another occasion, where he displayed the most singular address, and which therefore demands both applause and attention. After a repulse and a march of about seventy miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and scarce a horse able to walk, he saw a regiment of French infantry drawn up, with a morass in the rear; he left his own corps, and advancing to the French, desired to speak to the commanding officer, whom he entreated to surrender, to prevent his men being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were then advancing. The French officer desired leave to consult with his officers, which having done, they refused to submit; but upon Major Erskine's telling them that their blood must be on their own heads, and turning to move off towards his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

R

SADAK.



S A D A K.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the imperial city of Schiras, gem of the Persian empire, and sun of the east, lived the youthful Sadak, only son and prop of the declining years of the Vizier Amurat. Him had his father carefully educated in all the orders of oriental gallantry, and initiated in the principles of vice and debauchery. He knew how to curb the most fiery steed; surpass even the eagle in the rapid race; and, with the passing arrow, slay the flying deer. He took a particular pleasure in these amusements; and the chase and seraglio were his chief sources of delight.

Thus nurtured in vice, he made a mockery of religion and learning. No readings of Zoroaster had enlarged, or had any philosophy of the Magii tempered, and polished, a naturally capacious understanding. His ideas of Heaven were confused; and, though he had a lively genius, and an engaging air, his discourse was ignorant, barbarous, and weak.

One morning, when Mithra had scarcely drawn back the curtains of delight, and dissipated the gloomy clouds of darkness, Sadak arose, and proceeded

ceeded with bent bow to pursue the deer that range the mountains of Persia. The chase began; Sadak, impatient, and thirsting for glory, was, as usual, the first in the course, and lost his companions in the heat of the pursuit.

He had not long enjoyed his delight, and the spires of the towering Schiras had just vanished from his view; when an object, till then little noticed, attracted his attention. It was the beauty of the heavens, and splendor of the skies, that now raised his astonishment. He beheld the sun darting his rays through the rolling clouds, and illumining the whole of the celestial canopy; the æther was pure, still, and serene; except where thousands of feathered warblers, poised on their airy wings, made the earth echo their divine notes. Sadak was amazed; he let the golden reins fall on the neck of his steed; and, plunged in admiration, surveyed the splendid picture. He had never troubled his mind with any thoughts of religion, and consequently knew nothing of his Creator; but conscience now told him, that he derived his existence from a Supreme Power. Every beam of light, spoke its Maker; and Sadak stood half convicted of Ignorance and Atheism. As he was thus lost in thought, and his soul buoyed up in suspense, his steed, actuated by a divine im-

pulse, entered a thick wood that stood adjacent. Sadak, turning his eyes from the heavens, was now struck with the elegance of nature. The grand sublimity of the first had raised his astonishment; the rural beauty of the latter excited his desire. It was that season, when Summer, with all her attributes, visits the earth; and by her delicious exuberance, delights the heart of man. The trees were bending to the earth with fruits of the most luxuriant growth, and of the most exquisite flavour. The ground as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the richest verdure, diversified by flowrets of every hue, and blooming shrubs in infinite variety. The whole scene was engaging, chaste, and delightful. Nature glowed with redoubled charms; and the whole presented a beautiful landscape of rural felicity. The heart of Sadak was ravished: he threw himself from his steed; and, rushing to the fruit with the agility of the mountain eagle, sought only the means to gratify his luxurious palate. A neighbouring cascade served, in the mean time, to slake his thirst, and sound responsive to the notes of the birds. Thus surrounded with pleasure, and environed by delicacies, the heart of Sadak was for a while elate; but, like snow, melting before the rays of Mithra, the scene grew less charming to his eye. His appetite

petite was cloyed, and the fruit no longer delicious; he resolved, therefore, to return home: but, alas! he had not noticed his entrance, and could by no means discover any road by which he might retreat. He no sooner broke one hedge than another appeared before him; and as he passed the opposing trees, a myriad of others arose.

The whole, in short was a labyrinth of the most intricate nature. If Sadak felt before pleased at his situation, he now sincerely detested it. Lost in ignorance, he blasphemed the power that constructed his prison; cursed the hour in which he had entered it; and, in the height of his fury, exclaimed against his own existence. He had not remained long in this state of despair, when his attention was suddenly attracted by an object that touched his hand. He turned about, furious as the Lybian tyger, robbed of his prey, and thirsting for revenge; but, lo! a form that commanded peace stood at his side. It was a sage, whose years seemed to out-number the stars of heaven; and whose beard, which was whiter than the mountain snow of Mauritania, when driven by the furious wings of the north-east wind, swept his bosom, and fell below his girdle. His eyes, not dimmed by age, darted a poignancy which seemed to cut vice to atoms at the slightest glance; his whole frame

was

was majestic, and the poverty of his cloathing served only to command a superior respect. He had beheld the fury of Sadak; and, bursting through the bushes, caught his hand, and thus addressed him—"Hush! O inconsiderate youth! cease to blaspheme the works of thy Creator! Knowest thou not that perseverance will vanquish every difficulty? and though, for a moment, thou seemest lost and entangled, remember that there is a God, who will help thee, if sincerely desired? Follow me!" So saying, he gently led the youthful Persian by a path toward the entrance, which he had not discovered; while he, ashamed of his past conduct, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look up in the face of his benign conductor.

The glade was now before them; and the domes of the aspiring Schiras rose in sight, as the mounts of Mauritania, half-buried in the clouds. The heart of Sadak was overjoyed; he turned, to thank his conductor; but it seemed not him that he beheld. His aged body, bent with years and infirmities, was changed to an ærial frame, endowed with sprightliness and activity. His face no more appeared a rugged field, which the ploughshare of time had filled with furrows; but a celestial countenance where, beauty beamed like the resplendent sun.

Instead

Instead of clothes tattered and coarse, two feathered pinions beat with celestial grace on his shoulders; and the figure of a hoary sage was transformed to that of an empyreal cherub, surrounded by glory, and replete with the effulgence of heaven. Sadak was confounded: the ground seemed to shake beneath his feet; his knees smote each other; and his whole frame, labouring in convulsive agonies, fell vigourless to the ground: when a voice, softer than the breath of Zephyrs, bearing the odoriferous spices of Arabia, thus addressed him, “ Arise, O Sadak! lift thy body from the earth, and hearken to the voice of wisdom. No more be lulled to slumber in the manacles of vice, and disdain the chains of impiety. I am a minister of the almighty, sent from the mansions of the blessed, to reveal thy chaotick mind the allegory of this day’s adventures, which point out the errors of thy life. Attend, O youth! open thine ears to virtue, and be no more a slave of ignorance. The chace you this morning commenced free, and joyful as the soaring lark begins his course; so was you born. Your mind was unimpressed by care, and unloaded with sin: you beheld the splendor of heaven, and the glory of the upper regions; but they could not charm you sufficiently to impress the steadfast belief of an overruling power; neither could your birth, and preservation

ſervation from numberleſs dangers, elevate your heart to the graceful adoration of your heavenly maker: but, as the fruit by its beauteous hue, and delicious taſte, led you to eat and indulge your appetite, unſuſpicious of danger, ſo did vicious purſuits draw your affection to them, by diſplaying the chains of ſin covered with flowers of pleaſure. What was the reſult? In the wood you was loſt and entangled; and in life you have been ſatiated with joys, that cloyed as they became familiar. You attempted to drown the ſenſe of ſatiety by plunging deeper in vice, and hurrying from the ſeraglio to the chace, or ſome other ignorant and wicked enjoyment. Had you then abandoned pleaſure, and attended to truth, you ſhould have reached a pinnacle of unknown happineſs: but as during your profane and blaſphemous execrations in the wood, you perceived not the path by which I eaſily led you out; neither could you diſcern, in your career of vice, the road formed by Morality, which would have conducted you to everlaſting bliſs. May I, my ſon, conclude my parallel, by adding, that as I have led you from the boſom of a mazy wood; ſo your ſoul, enlightened by my words, will riſe, freed from the fetters of ignorance, the manacles of ſin, and the chains of licentiouſneſs, to praiſe, with myriads
of

of the legions of heaven, the beneficent creator of all existence, & the liberal dispenser of every good.

“ My mission is now expired; yet, ere I go, let me initiate thee, O youth! in the precepts of virtue. Avoid malice, envy, and detraction; hate lasciviousness, love chastity; detest voluptuousness, effeminacy, and luxury; but adore temperance, vigour, and humility. Aim not at pomp and grandeur, that passeth away like the wind; but delight in acts of charity, which will afford the mind a pleasure of more stability. Be it thy care, O Persian! not to swell the fiery blast of contention, against whomsoever raised; but rather, to allay the fury of the spiteful, and stop the intended revenge: and believe me, dear youth, if thou diligently followest these rules, and zealously pursueth the walks of virtue, a hoary head, crowned with content, will succeed a youthful one environed with peace, and endowed with virtue.”

As he thus spoke, even as the last sentence founded in the ear of Sadak, a cloud arose from the earth, like the morning dew; and, spreading its ærial substance beneath his feet, gently uplifted him to the opening heavens. The whole atmosphere was perfumed, with a fragrance far sweeter than the aromatic gales of Arabia; while an awe-

ful and tremendous roll of thunder, on the right, announced the success of the heavenly embassy.

Sadak arose, his heart impressed with virtue and wisdom; and, leaving his pompous palace, he passed a life of piety and peace, in a humble cottage.

T H E
DISAPPOINTED DELIA,
A Story founded on Fact.

DELIA, unlucky Delia! how camest thou so fond, so enraptured with Claudio? Answer, rash fates, for poor Delia: the *Parcæ* so determined it. Then, thou art not to blame.

But to the story. In an awkward hour, and a still more awkward moment, Delia saw Claudio; she saw, alas! she saw one of the finest youths in the county of Cornwall; she was not framed without passions—nature had done her justice, in every regard. She felt, even from the heart, and true to all its fires.

Claudio was heir to a considerable estate, consisting of tin mines, and he was considered as a
very

very amiable and respectable character by all his acquaintance. Every female in his neighbourhood, who was a candidate for matrimony, had her eye upon him; but his disposition was for roving, and liberty was his invariable motto; and many beautiful damsels had reason to wish his sentiments were of a different cast. If he had not done them justice, posterity had, however, no cause to complain, for he had amply paid attention to the rising generation, who, probably, will be greatly increased by his amorous assiduities.

Notwithstanding Delia had these numerous examples of Claudio's infidelities before her eyes, her vanity flattered her she had charms sufficient to captivate him into a husband; and her ambition prompted her to the deed.

Her rivals were numerous, but her glass whispered her, and in prevailing accents, that her charms transcended them all. Fatal infatuation! Treacherous mirror!

Delia, though only the daughter of a farmer, had received as polite an education as a Cornish borough would admit of; her father had some parliamentary influence, & he was not without hopes, that, at the next general election, his daughter might captivate a candidate, or at least a canvasser.

He knew that Claudio, when he came of age, which would be in a few months, was to be one of their representatives, and therefore did not discourage his addresses to Delia. But though he had avowed himself an intended candidate for the borough, he had not declared himself a candidate for a connubial representation. He had, however made such an impression on Delia's heart, that she mistook his artful declaration for sincerity, and she, at length, implicitly yielded to his most sanguine wishes.

The borough became vacant by the death of one of the members, just as Claudio had attained his twenty-first year. Old square toes immediately put him in nomination, and as he was of the ministerial party, little canvassing was requisite. He was returned and chaired in the twinkling of an eye.

Delia now thought she should be completely happy; for, notwithstanding she had yielded every thing but her hand, for he had long been in possession of her heart, she imagined she still had such an ascendancy over Claudio, that as there was no remaining obstacle to their marriage, (his father having lately departed this life, and whose consent, the artful spoiler had insinuated was the sole cause
of

of their not having yet repaired to the temple of Hymen) a hint alone would be sufficient to accomplish all her wishes. But in this opinion she was egregiously mistaken.

Her hints were all thrown away, and even her positive solicitations were of no avail. She literally stooped to conquer, but in vain. Claudio finding Delia too pressing in her matrimonial pursuit, seldom visited her, and even neglected those appointments he made with her, when he could not avoid fixing them. He had agreed to an interview at an adjacent farm house, where they had frequently the most agreeable and propitious Tête à Têtes. But the time was now passed when the force of her charms were in full play—besides, she was on the point of being a mother, and he had a new attachment in his present reigning favourite Cordelia, for whom he was now waiting in consequence of a previous assignation.

Delia guessed at her rival, and after in vain reminding him of his appointment with her, retired, and was soon in ambush a spectator of a scene that caused her—*dissolution*! She returned home, and was found the next morning hanging in her garters. Upon her toilet was found a billet conceived in the following words.

“ Wretched

“ Wretched—too wretched Delia—no joy—no blifs, no comfort remains for thee in this mundane ftate! Heavens, pardon the deed—but to thee I hope to fly for that folace, which I ne’er can meet on earth.

Alas! poor Delia—may this ftory prove a leffon to thy fex!

SIGNS and TOKENS.

IF you fee a man and woman, with little or no occafion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be fure they are husband and wife.

If you fee a lady and gentleman in the fame coach, in profound filence,—the one looking out at one window, and the other at the oppofite fide, be affured they mean no harm to each other, but are husband and wife.

If you fee a lady accidentally let fall a glove, or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that fhe may herfelf pick it up, fet them down for husband and wife.

If

If you see a man and woman walk in the fields, at twenty yards distance, in a direct line; and the man striding over a stile, and still going on, you may swear they are husband and wife.

If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it, they are husband and wife.

If you see a male and female continually thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear*, *my life*, &c. rest assured they are husband and wife.

New Interpretation for old Words.

IN speaking of the epithet *worth*, it can be applied to a scoundrel or rogue, as well as an honest man—that is, if he should be *worth* ten thousand pounds.

Angel, was once a name for a superior order of celestial spirits, who executed the commands of the Supreme Being;— it is now a common name for a certain order of inferior beings, who haunt the crowded scenes of gaiety and dissipation.

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The adjective *Divine*, has undergone a similar change.

Devilish— this adjective once signifying, or belonging to the Devil, was consequently taken in a bad sense. It is now become a common term of approbation— as, “ she is a devilish fine girl ;” or, “ he is a devilish good fellow,” &c.



C U R I O U S

A N E C D O T E.

A CLERGYMAN, who came to London from Durham just before the winter theatres closed, went the last evening of Mrs. Siddon's performance to the play at Drury-lane, and desired a country servant, who was to come with the carriage at a certain hour, to remain with it at the corner of Bow-street, that he might not lose himself from his ignorance of the town. The coachman was on the box, and the lad continued inflexibly upon the spot, standing with his back against one of the wheels; while he was in this situation, a fellow, who was running very fast, came up to him, and asked him in a whisper, whether he was a “stander or a runner?” The boy hesitated a moment, but thinking it related to the duty of servants

vants round the theatre, and remembering his master's orders, answered, "a slander." "Then take care of this," said the fellow, putting a gold watch with valuable appendages into his hand, and scampering away immediately. Before the boy had recovered from his surprize, his master came up, and commending his diligence, observed, that he had lost his watch.—"No; Sir, here it is," said the lad; and on inspection it actually proved to be the very watch which had been taken from his master a few moments before.

A N

OBSERVATION by Mr. POPE.

THOSE aërial ladies (the muses) just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave

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at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution,—like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

BON MOT of a SEA OFFICER.

A SEA OFFICER who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded called for the surgeon; No, no, said the captain, the *carpenter will do*.

A GRECIAN

A N E C D O T E.

THE Athenians having declared war against the Eginites, on some very frivolous pretext, marched out to attack them. A very bloody engagement ensued, in which the Athenians were so totally defeated, that one man only remained to
carry

carry back the intelligence to Athens. This unfortunate man escaped the enemy only to encounter a more wretched fame at home. The women rendered desperate by the loss of their husbands, and fired with indignation that the sole survivor should dare to appear before them with the dismal relation of his country's disaster, fell upon the man with their pins and clasps, leaving him dead upon the spot. The magistrates of Athens shocked at their cruelty, in order to punish the women with the most flagrant disgrace, made a law to oblige them, from that period, to dress after the mode of the Jonians, thereby depriving them of any advantage from those things, of which they had made such an ill use.

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T H E

USEFULNESS of ADVICE.

T H E

DANGER of HABITS.

T H E

NECESSITY of REVIEWING LIFE.

NO weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own state, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice

vice and virtue, suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position seems thus with commodious consequences, who, can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the public eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flattery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined,
will

will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adscititious excellence. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulate us is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, or desire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others, as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

For

For this reason advice is commonly ineffectual. If those who follow the call of their desires without enquiry whither their going had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wisdom and were rushing upon the dangers unforeseen, they would readily listen to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the first alarm by which destruction or infamy is denounced.

Few that wander in the wrong way mistake it for the right; they only find it more smooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it : therefore few are persuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, since it impresses no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or resistance. He that is gravely informed how soon profusion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occasion of expence, because advice has no force to suppress his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his usual speed to a new course of luxury, because his reason is not invigorated nor his appetite weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by raising
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an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit ; and the benefit of advice arises commonly not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the discovery which it affords of the public suffrages. He that could withstand conscience is frightened at infamy, and shame prevails when reason was defeated.

As we all know our faults and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perspicacity cannot discover, there is perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or dissipated by levity, sheltered by hypocrisy, or blasted by disgrace, who does not intend some time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleasure and interest, and the hour of reformation is always delayed ; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itself by habit ; and the change of manners, though sincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when some craving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurements cease its importunity.

Thus procrastination is accumulated on procrastination, and one impediment succeeds another, till age shatters our resolution, or death intercepts the

the projects of amendment. Such is often the end of salutary purposes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeased that disquiet which every mind feels from known misconduct, when the attention is not diverted by business or by pleasure.

Nothing surely can be more unworthy of a reasonable nature, than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, as that all the peace of solitude, and felicity of meditation, must arise from resolution of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by passion, into practices which they closed and opened their eyes with purpose to avoid; purposes which, though settled on conviction, the first impulse of momentary desire totally overthrows.

The influence of custom is indeed such that to conquer it will require the utmost efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of

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guilty

guilty gratification are more familiar. He that from experience of the folly of ambition resigns his offices, may set himself free at once from temptation to squander his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He who is enslaved by an amorous passion, may quit his tyrant in disgust, and absence will, without the help of reason, overcome by degrees the desire of returning. But those appetites to which every place affords their proper objects, and which requires no preparatory measures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is past.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible because it is only

only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it; and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these ensnarers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly & frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.

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DISSERTATION upon TASTE.

TASTE considered only as a sensation is purely arbitrary, that is to say, every one has a right to boast of his own, and to give it the preference to that of others. This would not be difficult to prove: but without entering upon this vague disquisition, I shall confine myself to a spiritual, a metaphysical taste; as I am of opinion that there must necessarily be one that is invariable and immutable, independent of place, time, age, or country; in a word, alike in all men, as it can have no other basis than truth, which never varies, and which unites in every thing, under the same idea, every mind that it enlightens. Taste may be defined, an idea of truth universally received, and thoroughly understood upon every thing of which we form a judgement: therefore to have a good taste, is to estimate or criticise sentimentally, and by an implicit judgment of the mind, what reason estimates and appreciates, after having duly examined it.

This sensible idea should not be too much, or too little extended; for when it swerves from precision, taste becomes defective. So that all who
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purſue truth, ſhould perceive it in the ſame light; perfection having but a ſingle appearance, and, conſidered every way, has but one face.

The exiſtence of a ſovereign truth being admitted, it muſt, when conſulted, equally enlighten reaſon, whoſe eſſence is the ſame in all men. The ſoul of an European is of the ſame nature as that of a Chineſe; and thoſe of the firſt ages were not of a different ſpecies from thoſe of our times. If their external operations are not the ſame, if their judgments differ upon the ſame ſubject, this is no juſtification of the difference in either reſpect: for if there be but one truth to enlighten reaſon, all thoſe who do not conſult it, and who are not enlightened by it, are in darkneſs: ſo that we in vain have recourſe to ancient or modern manners, to authoriſe a diverſity of taſtes; we muſt ever recur to the eſſence of reaſon in its primitive institution.

Shall we ſay that ſuch a work was good at that time, but is no longer ſo; good for men of a peculiar caſt, or country, but not for others? This is mere ſophiſtry. Goodneſs in an object is an independent and permanent truth; wherefore the judgment pronounced upon it depends neither upon times, nations, or genius: no other concluſion can be drawn from the contrary opinions of
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men with respect to the qualification of objects, but that some judge well, and others ill.

Every object that presents itself to the mind has truth that characterises it, and constitutes it good or bad, perfect or imperfect, agreeable or disagreeable; the more truth there is in this object, the more satisfaction is derived from it by the man of real taste.

To discover with precision this truth, and consequently feel its impression, is to have taste. But to judge of it by its personal dispositions, by the opinions of others, by popular prejudice, this is being destitute of taste, or at least, having no other than a bad taste: so that neither the peculiar manners of a nation, nor the various agitated passions, nor ancient opinions nor charms of novelty, nor the illusions of fashion, nor other vulgar prejudices, ought to impose or determine the judgment when the object is the formation of taste.

We must seek for this truth, of which we are speaking, in the very essence of the object, in its relations and its ends; that is to say, examine whether it is really in itself what it should be, and if it fulfils its destination and connexions: I say really; for, once more, taste is regulated upon these marks of truth, more or less evinced; otherwise it would
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not be certain; judgments would be formed upon opinion, passion, and the other impostors of error; and we should not trace that truth which we are desirous of being acquainted with.

It is an invariable maxim, that we may find falsity in every thing; in sentiments, manners, characters, productions of genius, the choice of diversions, the construction of buildings, the assortment of furniture, or dress, in politeness and gallantry, and in a thousand things, the enumeration of which would be tedious. In respect to all these, there is nothing so easy as being mistaken, and giving proofs of a very bad taste, if we have not just ideas, which depict the definition of objects, and their design.

They may at first be all reduced under one general definition, in ranging on one side all the works of nature, and on the other all those of art. Be they of whatever kind, a knowledge should be obtained of their essence and end, in order to discover the truth which characterises them. This is the only means of forming a taste upon what nature presents to our visual faculties, and upon what the human mind can produce, either with respect to arts or sciences. This rule comprises every thing, and we have no other by which we
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can discover the true impression which things should make upon a man of real taste.

But as the objects are not sufficiently specified by this division, we shall extinguish them under several classes, which comprise almost the whole, at least those that are worthy of attention.

I call those works of nature, which are produced by the Creator, and remain as they came from his hands. According to the common opinion, there are three different kinds, namely, intelligent, sensible, and inanimate. We are not allowed, as he has judged them fitting, and *videt quod esset bonum*, to analyze their perfection, or whether they might have been carried to a still greater height.

They are each settled according to the laws of infinite wisdom, which allow our speculations no other liberty than that of admiration. Nevertheless, the prodigious diversity of these beings furnishes our taste a sufficient field to exert itself in; for creatures having various degrees of perfection, subordination, and dependency, and connexions more or less intimate with man, they must communicate to his soul a scale of preference, whereby their ranks are in his esteem regulated. Now the making a just distinction between objects capable

pable of exercising in our hearts a variety of sentiments proportioned to each in particular, is, doubtless, having taste ; as it is, certainly, being divested of it, to confound them without distinctively appreciating them, without comparing them, and without esteeming them, according to their precise value: for taste is not a mere speculative idea, but a sensible one, which makes an impression upon the heart.

We may go still farther with respect to man, who is, as we may say, the master piece of the Divine Architect. It is true, that his author having determined his essence and his principal end, we are forbid to judge of them, or to find any defect in them. But as man is a free being, and as he in some measure directs his own operation, he exposes himself to the judgment of others when he acts, and he enables them to apply their taste to the appearance of his actions,—his discourse and his thoughts.

With respect to works of art, if it be necessary to subdivide them, in order to examine how many different ways they may be subject to the lights of judicious criticism, this would carry us almost to infinity. We shall fix upon some, which we shall analyze as occasion may offer, in order to

shew that there can be no just taste which is not founded upon the idea of truth, and to point out the means of discovering it.

If men of another period, or another nation, have a different taste from ourselves, this neither justifies nor condemns ours or theirs. They should both blend in all their productions of arts and sciences such rays of truth as are capable of expressing nature, and the design of such works as they are engaged in, and such objects as they propose describing; this neither depreciates nor heightens the value of the taste of either. Every thing should be decided in favour of truth, that is to say, by those who have been led by it, and whose reason is thereby enlightened.

In other respects this study requires no deep disquisitions or meditations; it is instantaneously determined by a judicious person, not only with regard to simple objects, but those that are the most complex. Philosophy points out to us how many ideas must necessarily be combined in an instant, to judge only of the quality, the distance, and situation of a tree we perceive in the middle of an open country: the mind, nevertheless, performs all this, without perceiving that it thinks. And it is the same with respect to the manner in which

which an object prompts our taste. If many have not succeeded after repeated endeavours, this is no defect in the rule, but in their penetration; and no other conclusion can be drawn, than that they are persons who have no propensity to taste. It is scarce possible to communicate it to those who have no disposition for it: the maxims we propose will not work this miracle; they only point out those who are possessed of taste, and set forth the means of obtaining it to those who are susceptible of it.

We seldom fail obtaining a knowledge of the essence of objects. If we are more easily deceived with respect to the knowledge of their end, it is for want of recollecting that they have all one general design, which is the pleasure and use of man. Man himself, besides the end which is peculiar to him, hath this one also in common with the rest of creatures, as far as the commerce of the world and society subject him to connections with the human race. But as it is necessary, in order to settle this proposition upon a solid basis, to define all the terms, we must recollect what is the nature of man, in order to know what we are to understand by the pleasure and utility that is necessary for him. Man is an intelligent and mortal being: wherefore his pleasure and utility should be con-

ned with the nature of his being. It is therefore necessary to enquire in what manner this conformity is found in all the objects which we examine.

It may perhaps, be said the tendency of this reasoning is easily discovered; and that to support similar definitions, is overthrowing many ideas. But what other method is to be pursued, if we are willing to be disabused, and lay aside the custom of judging amiss? We shall have occasion for various examples to apply those principles which we have established.

The works of nature, besides the end which we have attributed to them, namely, the pleasure and use of mankind, have all of them one more, which is to serve in the glorification of their author. We shall not consider them here in this point of view; we suppose that they have obtained this superior destination, and we confine ourselves solely to the consideration of them as designed for the use of man.

We must, according to this idea, as we have already said, give them a proper rank in our esteem: but in order to observe the just degree of their merit, we should not seek for it in the immediate connection they have with our pleasures and
personal

personal advantages; but in the influence which they have upon the common good of all mankind, and the share they have in the ornament and harmony of the whole world.

Thus the sun appears to us more estimable than a flower, a field covered with a plenteous crop more liable to excite gratitude, than a shrub in a garden. It is the same with respect to the other creatures, compared with one another, and according to their various uses.

But as, according to the works of nature, man forms a separate order, let us consider how we must judge with discernment of his figure or his humour, his genius or his projects. Suppose then we are to form our taste upon the character of a mind. If we at first study its essence and end, we shall discover immediately, according to our principles, that it is an intelligence superior to the senses, which, by its destination, should contribute to a happiness worthy of it as well as that of others. We will afterwards apply to this truth which we have discovered, the talents and qualities of this mind; and as far as these talents and qualities express the marks of truth, in the same degree should the object inspire esteem, and make an impression upon a man of good taste. For it is not sufficient
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that we find in this mind, extent, penetration, vivacity, and joyousness; he should examine whether these qualities, estimable in themselves, are actuated for the design of the subject in which they are placed.

Now, I maintain, that all men should universally think in the same manner upon the character of that man whom we examine; and that the diversity of tastes, if there be such, is accounted for only by the greater or less conformity which those who examine them find by their prejudices and other personal dispositions. It is proper to observe that this manner of examining objects, which appear dry and little interesting, does not prevent our feeling all that is agreeable in them. At the sight of a work of nature or of art, we are at liberty to touch upon what is agreeable & pleasant, provided we estimate it only at its proper value; that in these emotions of pleasure we preserve an idea of truth, and that the speculative principles constantly reign over the mind.

The qualities of an object, however badly suited to their destination, may by surprise inspire agreeable sentiments, which no way affect man's discernment, unless these sentiments are procured by an idea that is more advantageous than that
which

which seems to cause them. We should be ignorant of the human heart to believe that we can be diverted at a thing we do not regard.

A man who holds a frivolous diversion in no kind of esteem, and who nevertheless seems pleased with it, though he be acquainted with its vanity, has not a less refined taste, whilst he continues to form a proper judgment. But if he once considered this diversion as something very elegant, and he despised those who did not partake of it, condemning their taste upon this account, he would himself have a very bad one, as from this moment he would in this respect no longer entertain an idea of truth: wherefore his amusement which vitiated his taste would not arise from joy, but from the false idea he conceived of it. With respect to those things whereupon the taste is externally expressed, we may through politeness conform to those customs established by reasonable people of our time and country, reserving the right of judging ourselves according to the ideas of truth. But a man should never run directly counter to the opinions generally received, though they may be bad: people are nettled when even their prejudice are not treated with some kind of respect; and upon these occasions nothing is more consistent with good taste than politeness.

Moreover,

Moreover, there is much difference between a man who is prejudiced by a sudden natural impression and one who feels it, knowing the cause, and with an enlightened taste. The one blindly pursues his disposition, by which his intellects are often duped; a slave to his prejudices and vulgar opinions, he is driven in the stream of these foreign impulsions: whilst the other, who enjoys the privileges of reason, and whose sentiments cannot be misguided, as founded in truth, either leaves or pursues what affects him, esteems it only according to its value, and is not driven to the shame of receding from the admiration of what was not deserving of it.

It were needless to object that persons of excellent taste often entertain a liking for things without knowing what it is that recommends them. I acknowledge that the reasons are not always discovered why some particular objects please us; wherefore I at first defined a good taste to be an implicit judgment, because it supposes in an enlightened mind a knowledge independent of reflection, a determination without investigation; and if we consider whence arises our affection more for one sentiment than another, our judgment and reflection constantly trace the clue. Every man who is incapable of assigning a cause
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for his taste, is absolutely unable to have a good one.

It is necessary to have a perfect taste, not only to form a just idea of every thing, but also to be acquainted with the idea that is formed of it by others. Nothing is more easy than to perceive it; for the different impressions that objects make upon us may be reduced to three kinds of sentiments, esteem, indifference, and contempt. Taste declares for one of these three, without a formal definition qualified with the object in question. Thus in a story told by a person, we find if the tone of admiration, which he gives it agrees or not with the subject treated of; if his serious or jocular stile destroy or confirm the ideas that must be framed of it; this usually suffices to penetrate into the discernment of an infinite number of persons, and from this maxim an inference might be drawn, which would easily prove it.

Taste is liable to many errors, against which we should be upon our guard. I. The agreement of objects with our natural dispositions, inevitably form in us a physical prepossession. II. The interests of self love, either contradicted or flattered by an object, prevail over us, and determine the judgments we pass upon it. III. The least re-
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semblance

semblance between new objects and those which formed in us either pain or pleasure, leads to ancient traces, which recall our past taste, and makes us apply it to present objects. IV. The passions, which increase and disfigure all that is offered to our senses, create in us an infinite number of ideas which disguise truth and render us incapable of comparing objects with their proper destination. V. In fine, the same continued impression, however affecting and lively, becomes by degrees less sensible, and solely because it has continued for a length of time, it no longer awakens the same taste. The attractions of novelty are not more successful in recommending it: what pleases through them cannot long be agreeable, because it cannot long retain its novel influence. Now an object ceases to be new in our eyes, as soon as it loses its power of creating new ideas; and as soon as its appearance adds nothing to the sight, it no longer strikes or surprises.

Here are numerous shoals to be avoided, and which should induce us to be upon our guard with respect to our sentiments, and perfectly to distinguish their causes and origin, in order to ascertain whether they are inspired by truth.

But suppose that taste were not formed upon the idea of truth, that is to say, upon the relation between

tween the essence of objects, and their destination, there would then be no prejudice or opinion whereby the value of things would be estimated: for in this case why should one decision take place sooner than another? Every one would be at liberty to determine by saying it is my taste: as in the taste of sensation, where we boldly say, you like what is sweet, and I what is bitter, and in this I am equally right as yourself. Nearly the same reasoning would take place with regard to spiritual taste. For if it be not the idea of truth that pleases in the proportions of an edifice, its most disproportionate parts may please me, without my being liable to be accused of having a bad taste. My inclination, however extravagant it may be, will become a well received reason; because those who are fond of proportion are not invested with a better. All judgments would then be confused—all decisions would become arbitrary, and subject to the caprices of prejudiced minds; while neither beauty nor truth would be caught, but mere chimeras generated by fancy.

The idea of truth is then so far the sole rule to judge by, and the only scale whereby those sentiments should be proportioned on which taste is founded, that no others can be consulted, without admitting into different minds the most absurd

contradictions. For if, for instance, the passions are allowed to decide the merit of an object, what man would be debarred recurring to his own? One finds a person agreeable, because he continually receives kindness from him: another finds him detestable, because he is continually persecuted by him; which of these tastes is right? If we are to judge of a nation by their manners, to which should we give the preference, the English or the Ottomans? The one cultivates the sciences, the other neglects them; which are in the right? It may be said both equally, as they conform to the customary education of their country. This reply is not satisfactory. We should consider which of these practises agrees best with the nature and design of man—with an intelligent mortal being—with his utility and pleasure. This is the truth to be sought for to form a taste, and confer approbation to the one or the other.

It is the same with respect to temporary judgments. It is said we should transport ourselves to the time of Homer, to admire what is now agreeable to our taste in his poems. I acknowledge that after my imagination has performed this irksome journey, I do not return the least more satisfied. But without engaging in a long detail upon this subject, let us observe what occasionally relates to it.

Doth

Doth it agree with the essence of the divinity to act like Homer's gods? It will be answered, that the author cannot represent them but like what they were thought to be at that time. And to this I reply, that as at that period extravagant ideas were entertained of the divinity, I cannot relish extravagancies either in themselves, or in the author who wrote them. But it is added, that justice should at least be done to his art; we should admire the beauty and description of his paintings, the variety of cadences in his expressions. I admire, if they will, all these traits in themselves, but not in their application, or with regard to what they express. I am sensible that in several grotesque designs, we may relish the skill of the artist; but if the painter gave them us for regular figures, I should esteem neither the work nor the workman.

Taste may be inspired by the representation of a portico; but it should not then be said that it was designed for a belfrey; for in this case we should no longer be able to descry the idea of truth. Fiction, as it is expressed in poems of Homer, contributes neither to the real utility, or the real pleasure of man. When I am desirous of finding wholesome morality and instructive allegories, I will not seek for them in his works; I know where to meet with much better and finer. Let who will
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then admire his poetical eloquence: when he employs it only in fictions, I no longer admire its use; or if there be any thing good in itself, by abstracting it from its application, it is nothing more than a vague ærial ornament. Besides the partizans of this poet would not be satisfied with so trifling an elogium upon him; they want one to have a taste for all the beauties of the design, all the wisdom of composition, for the boldness and justness of the comparisons, for the disposition of the narration; in a word, they would have one think his works should be regarded as the models of epic poetry. But of what is it to us that these should be any models for this kind of poetry? Would our minds be impoverished without epic poems? Is any great advantage to be derived from them to letters? Would the imagination be less joyous? I comprehend of what utility are models for history, treatises of politics and morality, and for the various kinds of eloquence; but an epic poem, which is no more than a series of indifferent and puerile fictions, doth not entitle its author to a rank superior to all others, or his production, consisting of frivolous events, to be compared to the majestic sublimity of holy writ. For to such excess have things been carried, that Homer's friends therefrom draw serious comparisons, which are really risible.

DUKE

Duke of Bedford.

THE foundation of the honours and riches, which appertain to this distinguished young nobleman, is somewhat curious, as the following incident will prove: When Philip, King of Castile, father of the Emperor Charles V. was forced by hard weather into Weymouth haven, he was hospitably received at the seat of Sir Thomas Trenchard, when a Mr. RUSSEL appeared as a principal guest. This gentleman being conversant in the languages of Europe, and accomplished in his manners, contributed highly to the entertainment of the strange Monarch; and in consequence his Majesty wrote to his friend Henry VII. telling him he had a young soldier in his realms who had lost an eye at the siege of Montreile, which was the fact, that would do honour to any court.—Henry, in consequence, sent for him, and ever held him in estimation; but the completion of his fortune was reserved for Henry VIII. who made him Comptroller of the Household & Privy Counsellor; and in 1538 created him LORD RUSSEL, and made him Keeper of the Privy Seal. On the dismembering of the Abbey Lands, some valuable acquisitions were allotted to *Lord Russel*; two mitted territories were among these gifts, *Tavistock* and

and *Thornhaugh*. On the death of Henry VIII. he was created by Edward VI. EARL OF BEDFORD. He died in 1554.

HEALTH.

THOUGH good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, it is thought necessary prudently to caution women against making a boast of it, and exhort them to enjoy it in grateful silence. For men so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, and her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

TACITUS.

WHAT the pen can do by engraving ideas, is yet unknown to us. A man shall write ten volumes, and yet saying nothing that will leave an impression on our minds, so as to read him again. Tacitus only writes two lines, and those two lines make us reflect for several days.

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Let us fancy a Tacitus, who should write during three ages on different subjects, with such a genius formed to combine the most distant coherences; we should soon see libraries vanish, whose books would be no longer distinguished from the walls. A pen equal to his, whose every word would raise several ideas, would cause many volumes to disappear, which our short sight still pry into. The writer who has made us conceive the empire one man could have over the whole, is no more. To know how to read him now-a-days, is perhaps no less a rare merit, than knowing how to write.

The mechanism of Tacitus, his style, is truly original. With him the ellipsis is very frequent; as he bounds from one object to another, he rarely touches more than the predominate points; his delicacies must be understood; he suppresses the intermediate ideas; he is an abstruse mind, that seems to have many points of sensibility at once.

It is certainly the impulse of a writer's mind that determines his language. The motion and measure of the expression form, as one may say, the action that discovers the sentiment more or less lively.

Tacitus, with bold precision, observes the unalterable order of ideas. It has been imagined his

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style

style was perpetually abrupt, but it is for want of well understanding him: by the help of conjunctions he manages great things; and when he perceives many connections, he chains by grammatical links, his phrases all depending one on the other, although governed by the primitive idea. His constructions are of the boldest capacity; and when he probes the inmost recesses of the tyrants' heart he imitates the sinuosities of their character, and his penetrating pen dives into the hidden recesses where their crimes lie concealed. The style of this great writer appears complex only because it is rich, rapid, vehement; that he at once gives philosophical and moral impulses; that he exposes the fibrous motives of human actions. Anatomise him, and you will constantly find him endowed with an easy and rapid energy. How natural is his disorder—how genuine his wit! His tongue moulds itself to his vigorous conceptions; and one would be inclined to think he borrows the veil of policy, whilst the writer, as the last stroke of his pencil, leaves the reader to form or finish reflection.

I will not here examine whether he gives the conduct of the Emperors the artifices of his own preceptions, and if mounted on the throne, he would not have been, if he had a mind, even as great a dissembler as Tiberius. He will have every
action

action to proceed from a direct cause; he grants scarcely any thing to impulse, from hence it will result, a great deal of wit is necessary to be a bad emperor.

He saw clearly into the utmost recesses of the human heart; but he treats every thing as a politician; he always ascribes the depths of his own genius to characters who could not make such curious observations: one would imagine he looked upon nature and fortune as nothing, as he does not seem to entertain any idea of their power. He turns plain and common actions into subtle and complicated measures; he forgets that disposition sways our actions, and that in all the emotions of crowned heads, temper has a share. But it will be somewhat dangerous that a Prince should read, understand and perfectly comprehend Tacitus; it is the business of a private man to sift his author, and dive into his profound conceptions.



A N E C D O T E

O F

D A V I D G A R R I C K, Esq.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill, in the court of Chancery, against an attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement, surreptitiously obtained, for the purpose of an house there ; and while the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the draught of the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines :

To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins, Esq. Tom Fool sends greeting.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
 The contest I mean, 'bout the house in dispute;
 Remember, my friend, an attorney my foe,
 And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are *so so*.
 In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
 That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool;
 To which rule one exception your client implores,
 That the fool may for once turn the knave out of
 doors.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E.

O F

DIONYSIUS the YOUNGER.

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?" "In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."



A N E C D O T E

O F

The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

THE Duke of Queensbury, in his journey to Scotland, heard that Buckingham lay at a certain Inn, not many miles from the road, in an illness from which he could not recover. His grace charitably paid the sick man a visit, and asked him if he would have a clergyman?

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“ I look upon them,” says Buckingham, “ to be a parcel of silly fellows, who do not trouble themselves about what they teach.”

Queensbury then asked, if he would have his chaplain, who was a Presbyterian: “ No” said Bucks, “ these fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant.” Queensbury, taking it for granted that he must be of some religion, and of consequence a Roman Catholic, told him there was a Popish Lord in the neighbourhood, and asked him if he should send for a Priest. “ No,” says the dying man, these rascals eat God: but “ if you know of any set of fellows that eat the Devil, I should be obliged to you if you would send for one of them.”

A C O M B A T

Between LAW and PHYSICK.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS, some time since, going to his country house in his carriage, was delayed by a turnpike-man, who refused to take the sixpence tendered, saying, “ it was a bad one,” the doctor looking at it again would have that it was good, and upon the fellow’s persisting bade his man drive on. The

The turnpike man directly seized the horses reins, when the coachman whipped him most unmercifully, till he was obliged to let go his hold. Doctor S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aside in two courts by the eloquence or interest of the defendant.

However it was instantly renewed in another, against the coachman, and not against the doctor. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of £30 damages, and cast the defendant in costs of suit. But, when he came to Doctor S. thinking he would pay for his servant, he found, unfortunately for him that the coachman, having fallen sick whilst the action was pending, had been put under the care of——, a friend of his master, in Guy's hospital, who had put him safe under the ground three days before! Thus *physick* got the better of *law*.



A

MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

WHILE active thought unseals my eye,
 And midnight darkness shades the sky,
 Be hush'd, my soul ye moments stay,
 While I rejudge the guilty day.
 See conscience glares, more dreadful made
 By silence and the awful shade,
 She points her poignard to my breast,
 And bids my justice speak the rest.
 Then think, my soul, while Heav'n gives breath,
 And antedate the stroke of death !
 Reflect how swift the moments fly,
 Nor linger, unprepar'd to die !
 Pensive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
 The scenes of an eternal state,
 A series of unnumber'd years,
 Or crown'd with joys, or lost in tears,
 What awful hints these thoughts inspire,
 They chill the blood, they pall desire,
 They teach the soul her Heavenly birth,
 And banish all the pomps on earth,
 Here, as in air, a bubble tost :
 Her worth unknown, her genius lost,
 At pleasure's fancy has she drove,
 Forgetful of her seat above !

Oh !

Oh! what such folly can atone?
Reason dejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence restore,
And bid my soul to err no more.
All-clement thou, O God! all just,
The good man's rock, the sinner's trust;
Accept the blood my Saviour shed,
To save from woe this guilty head.
Oh! send thy life restoring grace,
Effuse the lustre of thy face;
From guilt and sorrow set me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

DAMON AND ARAMINTA;

OR, THE

Sentimental Lovers.

ARAMINTA was endowed with the most precious gifts, wit, gracefulness, and beauty. With so many charms, and fifty thousand pounds, was it possible that she could fail to please? Her suitors soon were numerous. Beaus, lords, men of actual fortune, and others who were in expectation of one; in short, all who thought themselves amiable, (the number of which is great
A a enough)

enough) crowded to pay their homage to her. The simperings of the one, the studied compliments of the others, the manners of all, their speeches, their behaviour, amused her. How could they do more? Her judgment was as solid as her heart was tender: to please her, it was necessary to resemble her; and whole ages do not produce a soul like her's. She imagined, however, that she had found it in Erastus. To a great deal of wit he joined a fine person. Long possessed of the talent of subduing the fair, he thought the conquest of Araminta wanting to crown his glory. He made his addresses to her, sighed, talked of love, was so seducing, and said things with so persuasive an air, that she was almost mistaken: but soon recovering herself, she saw through his motive. "No, Erastus," said she to him, "you will not deceive me: vanity is the principle of all your actions: you never knew what love is, and nothing else can touch me. Erastus withdrew: the part he was acting began to be irksome to him.

A few days after, Damon arrived from his travels. At an age when young people think of nothing but pleasure, study was his only occupation. Distinguished by his birth, heir to a considerable estate, handsome, and possessed of every qualification becoming a gentleman, all that knew him

him

him were astonished at his manifest dislike of the usual diversions of those of his years. It was not that his philosophy was either harsh or gloomy: he always dressed gaily, frequented the best of company, and even said sweet things to the ladies: it was customary so to do, and he complied with the custom. Though he had often declared that he was determined never to marry, he at the same time felt within himself that such a female as his heart desired, would easily make him alter that resolution. "To think (said he) of finding in this age a wife both handsome and affectionate, would be a mere chimera" His error did not last long: he saw Araminta: so many perfections made him feel sentiments which had to him the charms of novelty: he would have dissembled to himself that it was love." "I esteem her, I admire her," said he to one of his friends, "I will even own to you, that if her heart is as tender as her physiognomy and manners seem to speak it to be, I would wish no greater happiness than that of pleasing her; but how can I be sure of it? Appearances are so deceitful! Every thing, now-a-days, is sacrificed to coquetry." A few conversations unveiled to him Araminta's mind: he saw in it such delicate sentiments, so strong an aversion to trifles, so much solidity, so much virtue, that he soon became deeply smitten. Other sentiments

may be mistaken, but true love never can: the marks which characterize it are too remarkable to admit of doubt. Araminta felt the sweetness of being beloved. Damon's tenderness triumphed over her indifference; she loved.

"Yes Damon," said she to him one day, "you have found the way to persuade me, you have found the way to please me, Why should I blush at owning it to you? But, for my satisfaction, for my repose, for my happiness, go, remove to a distance from hence for two years: if your sentiments are not altered by the end of that time, my hand shall be the reward of your constancy."

Damon remonstrated against the cruelty of his sentence, and every argument to induce her to repeal it, and complained of an excess of delicacy which would render him the most unhappy of men. "The putting of my love to a trial," said he, "implies a doubt of my sincerity." "It is endeavouring to secure the happiness of my life; I love too much, not to be beloved with equal ardour. My husband shall be my lover, and I will have in my lover as much constancy as delicacy." Damon replied, but could not gain any thing. Araminta persisted in her resolution. He set out. Araminta had placed in Damon's service a valet-de-chambre, who was quite devoted to her interest,

rest, and who was to inform her of all his master's actions.

When arrived at the town which he had chosen for his place of abode, he shut himself up in his habitation. If he went out sometimes, it was only to take a walk: the most unfrequented and most retired places were those which pleased him best: no friend, no acquaintance, no connection with any one: he seemed to have renounced all communication with mankind. His books and Araminta's letters were his only pleasures. He heard from her often; the most refined sentiments dictated what she wrote. How happy did he esteem himself in his misfortune, to be loved with such delicacy.

The young lady, regularly informed of the life her lover led, ceased not to applaud the choice she had made. "In an age when love is looked upon as no better than an amusement," said she sometimes to her friends, "in which frivolousness is become the appendage of both sexes, in which every thing is sacrificed to vanity, interest, and debauchery; am I not happy in having found a heart like that of Damon's? He alone knows how to love. How pure and serene will be the days which we shall enjoy together! What heart felt pleasures will follow our union! The tenderest reciprocal

reciprocal affection will give them birth, and love will crown all our desires.”—The end of Damon’s banishment grew near: he was on the point of seeing the long and ardently wished for moment, when he received a letter from Araminta couched in the following terms:

“ I was not born to be happy: I have just now experienced it: from the most brilliant situation, I am at once fallen into the most shocking indigence. A misfortune, as sudden as it was unforeseen, has stripped me of all my riches. It is not them that I regret, I assure you; but have I not cause to complain of fate, which tears from me a so tenderly beloved lover? For to imagine that your love can be proof against such a stroke, would be flattering myself too much. Such delicacy of sentiments is no longer known; it would be unjust to require it. Poor is the resource which personal accomplishments afford, when they cease to be supported by money! What I have left, will just suffice to board me in the country; which, in the deplorable situation of my affairs, is the only step I can take: I shall there have time to bewail my misfortunes, to weep for the loss of my lover. Happy, if I can recover that tranquillity of mind, which will from henceforth be the object of my desires!”

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“ How happy am I, dear Araminta, cried Damon, when he had read this letter: “ I saw in you no fault whatever, but that of being too rich: a thousand times, yes, a thousand times have I wished that you had been born in the very bosom of poverty: I shall then have the extatic pleasure, the pleasure so divine to sensible hearts, of heaping wealth upon, of honouring, and of rendering happy the person whom I love. Let us away this moment, let us fly; love shall atone for injustice of fortune.”

He set out directly, animated with the pleasing hope of seeing again the dear object of all his tenderness. Araminta, informed of his departure, took the justest measures to carry on the stratagem which she had devised.

He found her busied in preparing, with her own delicate hands, a frugal repast. A room, which the sun hardly ever lighted, was her apartment, and in it was only a wretched bed, and a few old chairs. “ What occupation! what place of dwelling! Araminta,” cried he: “ dear Araminta, what a change is this! to how low an ebb has fortune reduced you! But, no; fortune cannot reduce you to less than your real value. Can any one do otherwise than admire such moderation,
such

such fortitude, under so cruel and so sudden a blow? The greatness of your soul shines with splendour which far eclipses all the tinsel glittering of human grandeur. You thought me capable of sacrificing you to sordid interest. Ah! Araminta, did you do justice to my sentiments? Those eyes, those lovely eyes, the sweetness of which charms, enchants, transports into extasy: those finely framed features, that air, that presence, that shape, those graces, that sprightly wit, that solid sense, that heart superior to all praise; those are the riches which I esteem." "No, I will no longer complain of the rigours of fortune," replied Araminta; "I have on the contrary, cause to praise them. How sweet is it to me to be beloved with such delicacy!"

"How agreeable do your sentiments, dear Damon, flatter mine! Our hearts are made for each other: nothing but their re-union can render us happy; and had it not been for the (shall I call it happy or unhappy) event which has deprived me of all my riches, should I ever have tasted so pure a pleasure as that which I now feel? Too delicate, too fond, not to have created to myself imaginary pains, I should perhaps have imputed your love to a motive of interest. Thanks to fortune, my fears are banished, and my happiness

pinefs is fure ; at leaft I venture to flatter myfelf with that idea.”

What did Damon not do to exprefs to Araminta his extreme fenfibility of all her kind and endearing words? He fell at her feet : his fighs, fome tears, his filence, fpoke for him. In fuch a fituation as Damon’s was, filence is the moft pathetic eloquence. Nothing oppofed the happinefs of our two lovers : they both thought it time to feal it : the day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. With what pleafure did Damon fee that fo wifhed-for a day arrived ! Every thing was ready for the ceremony, when Araminta was taken with a dizzinefs, the confequences of which were dreadful. The fmall-pox appeared upon her with the moft alarming fymptoms. Two days of illnefs brought her to the laft extremity. Damon is informed of Araminta’s danger ; he flies to her apartment, notwithstanding her ftrict command that he fhould not come near her then. In what a condition does he find her ! A livid palenefs, eyes which had loft all their livelinefs, a difficulty of breathing, all feemed to portend a fpeedy death. What a fight was this for a lover !—“ Ah ! Damon,” faid fhe, with a feeble and faltering voice, “ what have you done ? Why have you difobeyed my orders ? Why are

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you

you come to disturb my last moments? Your tenderness doubles my sufferings, by encreasing the love of life so natural to man. With what reluctance do I resign myself to the will of Heaven! Dear lover, dear husband, you alone possess all my thoughts, even in those moments when they ought to be far differently employed. How cruel is that idea of not seeing you again!" Too deeply afflicted to be able to complain, Damon could not utter a word. Dejectedness, anguish, tears, and heart-breaking sighs, spoke sufficiently for him.

Heaven took pity on his sufferings. After some days of alarms, Araminta began to mend, and there were hopes that she might recover. Her youth, and the goodness of her constitution saved her. What joy to Damon! With what transports did he receive the news of her recovery! It must be owned, pain always heightens the enjoyment of pleasure. The greater the fear of losing Araminta had been, the sweeter did the happiness of possessing her seem to Damon.

The young lady herself was not quite so contented: she was afraid for her beauty. Not that, most women she devoted all her care, all her
 and, and all her peace of mind, to so frivolous
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an advantage: no, doubtless, Araminta thought too solidly to set any great value upon a thing so frail, upon a flower which the least breath of wind may fade: but that beauty secured to her the heart of a lover tenderly beloved, could she do otherwise than fear to lose him?

She was no sooner out of danger, than, not chusing to be seen by Damon in the condition she then was, she sent him word that she begged of him to let some time pass before he came to her again. Damon complained; but he loved, and consequently obeyed.

Araminta consulted her glass every day; it taught her whether she was to hope or fear. Her fluctuating between fear and hope ended. The mask which disfigured her face dropped off, and all her features re-appeared as fine as before: her complexion resumed its former delicacy, she never was so handsome.

“A thought comes into my head,” said she one day to one of her friends, from whom she kept nothing secret, “you will think it a mad one; but I am determined to try it, be the consequence what it will: Damon loves me, I cannot doubt it: but if that love is founded on that little share of beauty ought I to expect to keep his heart long? It

is on the possession of that heart that the happiness of my life depends. Can I take too many precautions to be sure of it? I will not have a transient happiness; I should feel too deeply any change therein. Neither absence, nor the supposed loss of all my riches, have been able to alter Damon. Let us see whether his love will bear the loss of my beauty.”—

In vain was it remonstrated to Araminta that this would be too severe a trial; that in building so high the fabric of her happiness, she ran a hazard of seeing the whole structure tumble down; that people become habituated to the figure of a person, and that the changes which happen to it are neither so great nor so sudden as to endanger what she apprehended; that at her age those changes were to be seen at so great a distance, that it was silly to be uneasy about them; that besides, Damon discovering every day in her a thousand amiable qualities, would not even perceive the diminution of her beauty: all was to no purpose. Immoveably fixed in her resolution, she wrote the following letter to Damon:

“ It is now that my misfortunes are past all remedy: fortune has at length exhausted upon me all her spite. That beauty which women prize so much;

much; that beauty which was so dear to me because I believed all your affection for me was owing to it, is for ever lost, and with it the hope of being Damon's bride. Cruel reflection! If you doubt the truth of what I say, let your own eyes convince you. May I yet depend upon your heart? I have nothing but love to offer you: will that be enough for Damon? It would be enough for the affectionate and unhappy Araminta."

"It will be enough for me too," cried Damon with transport; "your affection can alone crown all my wishes." He flies to Araminta's: she expects his coming; and had with drugs prepared for the purpose, and applied to her face, entirely altered her countenance. Damon did not know her, but by the emotion he felt. What a moment was this for Araminta! Her fate was going to be determined: she loved to distraction; could she be easy?

"No, Araminta," said Damon, "astonishingly amazing as this alteration is, it shall not produce any in me; I still am the same: wonderful as your beauty was, it was not that which charmed me: the excellencies of your mind, the sweetness of your temper, and, above all, that heart which would alone dispense you from any other merit; these

these were the objects which inspired me with a passion, which will not end but with my life. Defer then no longer the completion of my happiness; let the sacred rites of marriage unite us instantly." " It was too much, my dear Damon, answered Araminta, " it was too much: you shall be happy; deserve to be so; your heart is such as mine desires; nothing will from henceforth disturb our felicity; all that I have done, was only to try you: you shall judge yourself whether I am still worthy to please you." At these words she wiped off the kind of mask which disfigured her: never was she so beautiful. " What do I see!" cried Damon, transported with surprise: " Do you know that my delicacy does not at all relish the trick you have played me? You doubted then of my sincerity, and of the continuance of my love." " I did not doubt it, Damon; but I was afraid of losing your heart in losing my beauty: I now am satisfied, and completely happy. I will tell you more; the loss of my fortune was only an invention to try your love: I still am mistress of the same riches." " What! new subjects of complaint! Could you think me capable of being influenced by mercenary views? Ah, Araminta! did I deserve such suspicions?"

Love undertook Araminta's defence: nothing could be laid to her charge but too much delicacy:

cy ; she was soon justified in Damon's opinion : he fell at her knees, and besought her no longer to oppose his happiness. They were married the same day. Less husband and wife, than lovers, their union proved to them an inexhaustible source of pleasures.—In an age, in which men think they wrong themselves in loving their wives, Damon's affection was at first turned into ridicule, and a thousand insipid jokes were afterwards cut upon it. He stood them, and a general esteem succeeded the ill-placed raillery.—Such is the usual effect of virtue. Damon was ever after looked upon as the model of lovers, and of husbands.



T H E

FATAL SEPARATION.

THAT peace is a blessing of inestimable value, and that war is a calamity deeply to be deplored, every man who feels the slightest emotions of philanthropy in his bosom, must readily allow. What mournful scenes in private families have the flames of war already occasioned! How many more such scenes may justly be apprehended! During the last American war, an amiable girl, the daughter of an ingenious manufacturer in the north

north of England, had such strong prepossessions in favour of a young man, the son of a reputable neighbour of the same profession, that she looked upon him as absolutely necessary to her happiness; and her attachment to him was accompanied with the most pleasing reflections, as she discovered in every part of his behaviour the most flattering regard from her. Charles and Sally (their first names are of no consequence) were not only fondly attached to each other, but felt a considerable addition to their mutual satisfaction by the approbation of their respective parents; who, with an equal desire to form a family alliance, soon proceeded to lay a foundation for their future felicity.

When the fathers, on both sides, had settled every thing of the pecuniary kind, for the advantage of their children, they permitted them to make preparations for their wedding.

This intelligence was received by the affectionate couple with all the pleasure expected from the communication of it; and they both behaved in the most filial manner upon the animating occasion. So exemplary indeed, was their whole deportment, that it is not easy to say whether the father of Sally, or the father of Charles, were the most parentally delighted.

Sally,

Sally, assisted kindly by a mother who was unexceptionable in the character of a wife, in providing what was necessary for her setting out in a new style, received also from that mother what was of no small importance to her, a great deal of wholesome advice.

Some of her admonitions, though trite, may be read with profit by many of the young women of the age, on the point of matrimony; by those especially who are so well satisfied with their abilities for the conduct of a married life, as to suppose any conjugal instructions affronts to their understandings.

In the following language, Sally was, one day, addressed by her mother, a plain, sensible woman, who without the self-sufficiency and affectation of a fine lady was intrinsically of more worth than half the fine ladies in Kent or Christendom.

You are now, my dear, going to be your own mistress, and I have so good opinion of you as to believe that you will pride yourself on being a good wife. I believe too, that you very well know the behaviour proper for a wife in every situation: but though I have such a favourable opinion of you, I cannot help mentioning a few particulars relating to a woman's behaviour to the

man she marries, which well deserve your consideration—In the first place, my dear Sally, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the temper of your lover, as you are inseparably united to him (for no man's temper can be thoroughly known before marriage) and accommodate your own to all its various changes, so that he may never have reason to charge you with having put him out of humour, Secondly, endeavour to make him place an unlimited confidence in you; and when you have gained that point, take every opportunity to do something to increase his dependence on your discretion. Thirdly, be particularly attentive to every thing committed to your care; and in the management of your domestic affairs let your husband see that you study to act agreeable to his judgment, and to give him satisfaction.

These admonitions, with several others, equally well intended, were heard with patience. and remembered with pleasure: and it is highly probable that Sally would have squared her conduct after marriage, by them, had her wishes been completed.

While Charles and Sally were preparing, with equal alacrity, to enter into the state to which their inclinations strongly led them, the latter met
with

with a considerable disappointment, in consequence of the unlooked for behaviour of the former; which shocked her spirits to such a degree, that her health was evidently injured by it.

Charles, having received a letter from a young fellow of his acquaintance, a town's-mah, an Ensign in one of the regiments sent to reinforce the army in America, was so animated by the account he gave of our success there, and with the encouragement given to all those who had distinguished themselves by their courage or conduct, that he felt himself seized with the military fever, and ardently longed to "bind his brows with victorious wreaths."

Charles, under the influence of his passion now appeared in a very romantic light to all his relations, and most of his friends, as he seemed not, setting aside his personal prowess, to be properly qualified for a soldier's life, his new passion, however, did not weaken the force of his attachment to his Sally, but all which even she could urge in order to prevent the needless exposure of his person in a remote country, was not forcible enough to make him give up his martial designs: he offered, indeed, to marry her before he embarked a volunteer to the American continent: but she

chose rather to wait for his return to his native land, than to undergo the double anxieties of a fond mistress, and a widowed wife. She had no doubts of his fidelity; but she had many, innumerable fears for his safety. With sighs she saw him wave his hand to her while he was under sail; and when her strained eyes could no longer perceive, with distinctness, the handkerchief which she had herself worked for him, she was conveyed, bathed in tears to her father's house, unable to support the pangs of separation. There her confederate, and much affected parents, did all in their power to console her, and hoped to alleviate the weight of her tender sorrows, by reminding her of his parting expressions.—“Be assured, my dearest Sally, (said he, when he took leave of her,) that I shall do nothing during my absence from you, to make you ashamed of your choice; and that I shall return with transports to your affectionate arms, when I have merited the applause of my king, by contributing to the defeat of his enemies.”

The repetition of these spirited expressions only served to render Sally more afflicted; for knowing her lover had a large share of that sort of courage which borders upon temerity, she could not think of his putting himself under military discipline, without supposing at the same time, that his intrepidity

pidity would hurry him with a precipitance more to be admired than commended, unto dangerous situations.

With an impatience not to be described, Sally waited for news from her Charles, who had promised to write to her as soon as he came to New York, where he intended to land, having letters of recommendation in his pocket to several merchants in that town.

In a short time after Charles' departure from England, the father of Sally, in consequence of his connection with a bold adventurer, was reduced to a very distressful state. In that state, however, he was visited by an opulent gentleman, who promised to restore him to his former prosperity, if he would give him his daughter in marriage; who was, he said, absolutely necessary to his happiness, and who had positively, he also said, refused to comply with his solicitations. Poor Sally was now plunged into a new affliction; and a severe conflict did she endure between her love for Charles and her filial affection.

While she was in this perplexing condition, a letter came to her father from one of his American correspondents, which informed him that Charles had fallen in the first battle that was fought after his arrival.

Sally

Sally wept bitterly when this melancholy intelligence was imparted to her; but hearing in a few minutes afterwards, that her father was on the point of being sent to prison, she consented to marry the man whose generous offers she had rejected. Scarce had Sally been married a "little month," when Charles returned, not only full of health, and full of love, but with a considerable share of military reputation. He had not fallen in the field of battle; but it was the death of an officer of his name, which had occasioned the information received by the father of his mistress concerning him.

The first news which Charles heard upon his return to England, was the marriage of his Sally; the first news which she heard of it almost unhinged her intellects. His return indeed, proved very unfortunate both to her and himself: it plunged her into a torpid state, which deprived her of all relish for existence; and it drove him into a life of ebriety, for the dispersion of reflections not to be supported: from which he was, it is true soon released, but in a manner greatly lamented by all who loved and esteemed him—by his own rash hand.

A N E C D O T E

O F

D E A N S W I F T.

IN the year 1726, Swift attended the levée of Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelsea; where he sat down by the door, and drew the notice of the company by that singularity. Nobody knew him till Sir Robert entered, and went up to him very obligingly, Swift, without rising up, or other address, said, “For God’s sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country, and place me somewhere in England.” ‘Mr. Dean,’ (said Sir Robert) ‘I should be glad to oblige you, but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look at that tree; (pointing to one under the window) ‘I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side, but it is good for nothing here! The company laughed, and the Doctor hurried off without reply.

ANEC-



A N E C D O T E

O F

S I R E D W A R D P E L L E W.

THE French General's Lady, who was on board the *Virginie*, lately captured by Sir Edward Pellew, was in bed when the action commenced, but was soon removed to a place of more safety; and in three minutes after she had left the bed, a shot tore it in pieces, knocked off the head of one man, and the arm of another. She was removed to the *Indefatigable*, and appeared to be overcome with terror and affliction. Sir Edward remonstrated with her, said all danger was over, that she and her son were safe, and promised her every protection in his power, begging of her, at the same, to say what was the cause of her terror. She acknowledged that she had been told, if she was taken by the English, she would be illtreated; but Sir Edward soon quieted her fears on that head. Seeing soon after an American vessel, he brought her to, and paid the Captain a sum of money to carry her and her son to her husband at Rochfort: he accompanying her to the vessel, and, on parting, she held out her hand to him, said she had not words to thank him, and put a diamond-ring in his hand, which he instantly returned, saying,

ing, he could not think of accepting it; and, saluting her, assured her he was amply repaid for any little attentions he had been able to shew her. Such an anecdote relieves one's mind amidst the horrors of war, and speaks much in favour of our gallant countryman.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS, the Roman emperor, was by nature liberal, and by principle an œconomist; affable in his manners, frugal in his diet, and simple in his dress. The majesty of the empire, says he, is to be supported by virtue, and not by the ostentation of riches. This prince would never suffer any office of trust or power to be sold, remarking that he who bought by wholesale, must sell by retail.

When some merchants made application to him for a piece of ground which the Christians had set apart for building a church on, he replied, it was of much more consequence that God should be adored in any manner, than that merchants should have any particular spot assigned them in preference to another, to carry on their commerce.

THE city of Dantzick takes its name from the German word Dantzen, which signifies *to dance*. The story of this etymology is, that certain peasants being accustomed to assemble upon the spot where Dantzick now stands, to celebrate festivals with rural sports, took a fancy to build a village upon it; for this purpose, they applied to the Bishop, who was the owner of the domain, who granted them as much ground as they could encircle, holding each other by the hand in a ring, and dancing round it.

A N E C D O T E

O F

The EMPEROR—JOSEPH II.

THE Emperor's generosity was not confined to men of distinguished merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purse was always open whenever he met with a proper though obscure object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-house, he asked for a dish of chocolate: he was simply dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without saying a word, and went into a small coffee-house, nicknamed the

the one-eyed; he asked for a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs: the count wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome young man who is fond of her; but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for paper, pen, and ink; the girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed; Count Falkenstein gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.



A N E C D O T E

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The PRINCE of WALES.

PREVIOUS to the last masquerade at the King's theatre, his Royal Highness was so seriously indisposed as to require the attendance of Dr. Reynolds, who, upon being asked whether

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the Royal Patient might with safety venture to the Opera House, gave his decided negative. The Prince was dissatisfied with the Doctor's mandate, at the same time assured him, no exertion on his part would be requisite, as he intended going in a *Domino*. The stern and inexorable doctor, still persisting in his opinion, added, that he would not answer for the consequence of such imprudence, it might occasion his Royal Highness's death; upon which the Prince immediately said, "*Beati sunt illi, qui moriuntur in Domino.*"

A N

ODE on SCIENCE,

By DEAN SWIFT.

OH heavenly born! in deepest cells
 If fairest science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave;
 Indulge the verdure of the woods;
 With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flowery carpets lave;
 For melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light;

While

While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,

Tho' rapt from mortal fight.

Yet, goddess, yet, the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore

Obstructed and depress'd :

'Till wisdom give the sacred nine,
Untaught, nor uninspir'd to shine,

By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought

Of mad opinion's maze,

To erring zeal they gave new laws.

Thy charms, O liberty ? the cause

That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,

Or bid a hundred suns be born,

To hecatomb the year ;

Without thy aid in vain the poles :

In vain the zodiac system rolls :

In vain the lunar sphere.

Come fairest Princess of the throng,

Bring sweet philosophy along

In metaphysic dreams ;

While raptur'd bards no more behold

A vernal age of purer gold

In Heliconian streams.

Drive thralldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land

By folly led astray :
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound,
And petrifying song.



A N

A N E C D O T E.

“MY LORD, (said a prig of a sheriff once to Judge Burnet, on the circuit) there is a white bear in our town; your lordship, be sure, will go and see him: shall I have the honour to attend your lordship?”

“Why,” replied the judge “I am afraid it cannot be; because, you know, Mr. Sheriff, the bear and I both travel with trumpets: and it has
never

never yet been settled, which should make the first visit."

The same personage, when he was only plain Tom Burnet, took it into his head to write a pamphlet, which did some execution, against the ministry. The great man complained to the bishop, who sending for Tom, "What," says he, "could induce you to do such a thing?" "I make you a very handsome allowance. You could not write it for bread." "No, sir," said Tom. "What did you write it for then, firrah?" "For drink, fir."



O N

SELF APPROBATION.

OF all intellectual pleasures, Lord Shaftesbury observes, that self-approbation, that sunshine of the soul, is the greatest and most lasting; the eye is not so satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing: the pleasures of the imagination, tho' great, affect but a small part of mankind; and as our faculties decline, they lose their relish; but self-approbation, from early youth to decrepid old age, is a continual source of joy.

GRA-

GRATITUDE.

*A Mark of true Magnanimity: Exemplified
in the History of Topal Osman.*

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the Seraglio, being in the year 1698, about the age of twenty five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Saed; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel, bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh. Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whether the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of Topal or Cripple. At that time Vincent Arnaud,

naud, a native of Marfeilles, was commander of the port of Malta, who, as his business required, went on board the privateer, so soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, can you do a generous action? Ransom me, and take my word, you shall lose nothing by it. Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impression upon the Frenchman; who turning to the Captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered one thousand sequins (near five hundred pounds) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, I know nothing of you; would you have me risk one thousand sequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with consistency, I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that, if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the cap-

tain for six hundred sequins, which he paid as the price of Ofman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure. Ofman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discern'd, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves, He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship.

Accordingly Ofman, so soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage, The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cario. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave the master of the vessel himself five hundred crowns, as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan his master with the Basha of Cario; and setting out for Constantinople, was

was the first who brought the news of his slavery. The favour received from Arnaud, in such circumstances, made an impression upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life, he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir, at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon.

Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops. In the year 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects, to him in this quality, he distinguished the French

by peculiar marks of friendship and protection. Inform Vincent Arnaud, says he, that I am fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship; and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea, and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate. Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bashaw of three tails, and Beglerberg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the Empire, and of the greatest importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited on him there, and were received with the greatest tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit on the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents. In the great revolution which happened at Constantinople, Anno 1730 the

the grand Vizier Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September 1731 Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps, the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so.

He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French Ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in the present situation adding that a grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station. In the month of January 1732 Arnaud with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with them variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery, these by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years old, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, grand vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state, with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him and pointing to the ransomed Turks: "Behold, says he, these your brethren, now enjoying

joying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave; loaded with chains, streaming in blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and save me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?" While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed on Arnaud who held the grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own: the Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence *Alla Herim* (the providence of God is great,) he made, before them, the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother and the Kisler Aga (chief of the black Eunuchs). Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left Constantinople, they had a conference

ence in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding that a Bashaw was lord and master in his own province, but that the grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself. He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured payment of a debt which they had looked on as desperate, he also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica: which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that Port had been for a long time prohibited. As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against a christian.

THE

T H E
F R I E N D.

THE fastest Friend the world affords
Is quickly from me gone ;
Faithless behold him turn his back,
And leave me all alone !

“ My friend, sincerely yours *till death* :”
The world no further goes ;
Perhaps, while *earth* to *earth* is laid,
A tear of pity flows.

Be thou, my *Saviour* then my *friend*,
In thee my soul shall trust,
Who false will never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the dust.

Home while my other friends return,
All solemn, silent, sad,
With thee my flesh shall rest in hope,
And all my bones be glad.

TO



TO
SUBDUE PRIDE.

CONSIDER what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, nor from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures. And as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering circumstances. None of your vain distinctions in this life shall attend you to the judgment-seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

A N E C D O T E

O F

Duc De Guise, called Le Balafre.

IN 1640, the Parliament of Paris gave this distinguished prince the noble title of “the preserver of his country;”—an honourable title, which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deserved, had they not been tarnished with insolence and ambition.

F f

At

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his lieutenants, advancing too hastily towards the enemy, he gave him a stroke with his sword upon his helmet, and stopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he supposed himself to have received, sent for him to the King's tent, in which were the sovereign and the principal general officers, and told him, " M. de St. Fal you are offended, I find, at the blow which I gave you for advancing too hastily ; but it is surely much better, that I should have given it to you to make you stop, than to make you advance. The blow is surely more honorable than disgraceful to you. I ask the opinion of these gentlemen." They one and all declaring, that a blow given to repress an excess of ardour, and of courage, conferred more honor than disgrace. St. Fal was satisfied.

T H E
G E N E R O U S R I V A L.
A T A L E.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that those harmless delusions which have a tendency to promote happiness, ought, in some measure, to be cherished. The airy visions of creative fancy, serve

serve to divert the mind from grief, and render less poignant the bitter stings of misfortune. Hope was given to man, to enable him to struggle with adversity; and, without her cheering smile, the most trifling distress would cut the thread of life. It was this fascinating deity that eased the love-lorn Edwin's fears: her gentle whispers soothed each froward care, and extended his view to scenes of fancied bliss—to that unhappy moment when propitious fortune should present him with the hand of Laura. Pleasing delusion! delightful thought! that made the moment of separation less painful, that soothed the rugged front of peril, and softened the rude aspect of terrific war.

Edwin was the son of a merchant of some repute in the metropolis: at the commencement of the present war, he received an appointment in the army, and was soon after sent with his regiment to the continent.

Laura was the daughter of a banker of considerable eminence, a member of the British senate, and possessed of a very extensive fortune.

The attachment that subsisted between these young people was unknown to Laura's father, the proud, imperious Mr. Dalby, who expected to marry her to some person of distinction; or at least,

with one who was equal in point of wealth to himself. For this purpose, he invited the most wealthy part of the senate, peers and commons, to his splendid mansion at the west end of the town; having totally deserted that which had been for many generations the residence of his ancestors, in the east.

Miss Dalby possessed, in an eminent degree, the beauties of the mind, as well as those of the person; which, exclusive of her fortune, were sufficiently attractive to a man of sense and discernment. Many of these visitors became candidates for her election: most of them, however were rejected by her father, to whom she was enjoined to report the name and rank of each person who addressed her on the score of love. Some, the most wealthy, she was instructed to flatter with hopes of being the happy man; reserving her affections for him whom the venal parent should select to be her husband. It was some time before Dalby could fix his choice, which long hung suspended between an Earl and a Viscount, of nearly equal fortune: at length, the appearance of a ducal coronet banished from his mind both the one and the other; and he vainly flattered himself, in future to address his daughter by the high sounding title of— *Your Grace*.

The

The young Duke Delancy, led by curiosity to behold the lady who was thus exposed to sale—for it seems, the intention of Mr. Dalby was generally known—became enamoured of her person; and, on conversing with her, found her every thing he could wish. He instantly made proposals to Mr. Dalby; which, it is almost needless to say, were as instantly accepted. His grace, knowing that the consent of the daughter would avail him but little, without possessing that of the father, had not discovered to Laura the partiality he entertained for her; but having, as he imagined, secured the main chance, made a formal declaration of his love.

Laura listened with profound attention to the impassionate assurance of affection of the noble duke; and when he paused, in expectation of receiving a confirmation of his hopes, she raised her blushing eyes, wet with the tears of anguish, from the ground; and thanking him for the honour he intended her, candidly acknowledged the pre-engagement she was under to the absent Edwin.

Charmed with her candour, and interested by her artless tale, he determined to resign his pretensions, and support the cause of the young soldier.

Laura had preserved a regular correspondence
with

with her lover; and he was, therefore, but too well informed of the desperate situation of his suite. He longed to fly to the arms of his mistress, but scorned to desert his post. At length, fortune gave him an opportunity of realizing his wishes, at a moment when he least expected it. The Republican army suddenly attacked, in great force, the allied troops: an obstinate battle ensued, in which Edwin particularly distinguished himself; the enemy were completely routed; and the young soldier, for the courage he displayed in the action, was sent to England with the gladsome tidings of victory. Having delivered the dispatches with which he had been charged, he hastened to the house of Mr. Dalby; and, gained admittance, ran up stairs into the drawing-room, where he discovered his noble rival with the mistress of his heart. His sudden and unexpected appearance threw the lovely Laura into some disorder; and it was with much difficulty she retained spirits sufficient to meet her lover's fond embrace.

At this critical moment, Mr. Dalby entered the room; having from his study seen an officer cross the hall, and ascend the staircase. The words, "My dear, dear Laura! and do I once more behold thee in my arms?" from the enraptured Edwin,

win,

win, caught the ears of the astonished Dalby, who stood fixed and motionless, mute, and almost discrediting the organs both of sight and hearing. "Had I known, Sir," said his Grace, who beheld with as much pleasure and delight the agitation of Dalby, as the happiness of the youthful pair, "that the affections of your daughter had been placed on another object, I should not have offered the smallest violence to her inclination.

"My Lord—my Lord!" stammered out the enraged parent, "she is under no such engagement as you suppose" Then stepping up to Edwin—"And, pray, who the devil are you, Sir? Some fortune-hunter, I suppose! but you have missed your mark, young man: be pleased, therefore, to leave my house, and, if you venture here again, I shall find means—"

"My dear father!" said Laura, interrupting him, "you surely forget yourself! The gentleman whom you thus rudely threaten, is our neighbour's son, Mr. Langley, the West India merchant, in Lombard street.

"Mr. Langley's son!"

"Yes, Sir, returned Edwin;" and, though not blessed with equal fortune with yourself, I have yet sufficient to support the rank of a gentleman. I
love

love your daughter, I long have loved her; and she has taught me to believe that she returns my affection. I ask no fortune; give me my Laura, and dispose of your wealth in whatever manner you please!"

"Very romantic, faith!—And pray, fellow, do you know who you speak so freely to?"

O, very well, Sir!

"That I am George Dalby, Esq. a member of the house of commons?" Edwin bowed. "And that I have an estate, free and unincumbered—look you, Sir, free and unincumbered—that nets 10,000*l.* a year!"

"To none of these acquisitions am I stranger, Sir" returned Edwin.

"And you, Laura, will you so far disgrace yourself and me, to throw yourself away on a dry falter's son?—A fortune hunter!—A beggar!"

"A what, Sir!" interrupted Edwin, with much warmth. "But I forgot myself—you are my Laura's father!"

"Sir, said Laura, "I confess that I entertain a partiality for Edwin. I know his worth; and will
renounce

renounce all titles, rank and distinction, wealth and pleasure, to live the partner of his life!"

"Then, by heaven! as I know my worth, I will renounce you for ever! and, hence with your paramour! — you shall never more enter my doors!"

"Be it so," said the Duke, "mine are open to receive them! My house, my home, my fortune, all are theirs; they shall use them at their pleasure; they shall live in ease, in competence, and enjoy the pleasures of their loves: while mad ambition, insatiate avarice, and increasing pride, shall torture you with never-ceasing pangs, and embitter every future moment of your life!"

The disappointed, mercenary parent, flew, with bitter imprecations, from his tormentors; the lovers retired with their noble patron, and after having spent several days in a fruitless attempts to gain the consent of Dalby, were united in the holy bands of wedlock. Edwin has since, from his professional merit, and the interest of his grace, attained a distinguished rank in the army; and the dislike of Mr. Dalby to his daughter's choice has decreased, in proportion as he is risen to distinction. Several interviews have taken place, through the medium of their noble friend, and it is be-

lieved that time will root from the mind of Mr. Dalby every unfavourable impression the want of fortune in his son-in-law occasioned; and that Edwin and Laura will, at last, become the heirs of his immense property.

The union of this amiable pair has been blessed with two fine boys; and this increase of family has enlarged their happiness: they still continue to receive the notice of his grace, whom they consider as the author of their felicity, and invariably distinguished him by the appellation of *The Generous Rival*.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a condition, upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more than indeed most people think before hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking and esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state. There had need be a great many good qualities to reconcile a constant conversation with one, where there is some share of kindness, but without love, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And
whence

whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries, that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband; from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse extravagant expences abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurances of it in the other.

Let you love advise before you chuse, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot.

A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact an harmony betwixt a married couple; it is a step of such a weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration, and, especially the temper and edu-

cation must be attended to. In unequal matches the men are generally more in fault than the women, who can seldom be chusers.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness.

Marriages founded on affection are the most happy. Love (says Addison) ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown before we enter into that state. There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect on which his happiness or misery for life depends.

Though Solomon's description of a wife and good woman, may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance, mildness; in her speech, wisdom; in her behaviour, modesty; and in her life, virtue. Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face,

face, and make the decays of it invifible. The fureft way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is, for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times fomewhat of their prerogative.

A good wife, fays Solomon, is a good portion; and there is nothing of fo much worth as a mind well instructed.

Sweetnefs of temper, affection to her husband, and attention to his interefts, conftitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. The idea of power on either fide, fhould be totally banifhed. It is not fufficient, that the husband fhould never have occafion to regret the want of it; the wife muft fo behave, that he may never be confcious of poffeffing it.

A N E C D O T E.

A HOUSEKEEPER being fummoned to ferve upon the grand jury, under the defcription of his being a *hop-merchant*, when he came into court, he declared himfelf ineligible to the office, fince he could fafely fwear he fhould not be poffeffed of three hundred pounds, when all his debts were paid; faying the law therefore would not admit

admit of his serving upon the jury. The court expressed some surprize that a man in so capital a line of trade as that of a *hop-merchant*, should avow himself in such indifferent circumstances; when the party summoned explained the mistake, by saying, that though he had been usually honoured among his convivial friends with the appellation of a *hop-merchant*, he was in reality nothing more than a *Dancing Master*!

ANECDOTE

O F A

CARPENTER.

A HUMOROUS fellow, a carpenter, being subpœna'd as a witness, on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel who was given very much to brow-beating the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just five feet, five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

STORY

STORY OF HONORIA.

I AM the youngest daughter of a gentleman, who had more gaiety in his temper than œconomy, ran out of the greatest part of his fortune, and, dying when I was about twelve years old, left me and two sisters very slenderly provided for. But though my mother did not flatter herself that we should make that figure in life which she otherwise might have thought equal to her birth, yet she did not omit the least care in our education, in order to have us accomplished, as if we had very large fortunes to depend on. But in nothing more was her tenderness and anxiety shewn, than in giving our minds the strongest impressions of Religion and Virtue. The manner of her laying before our eyes the effect of the least deviation from honour, was, besides being just, very moving. Her talk never failed to touch our hearts: nor did she move our passions only; her own would rise at the discourse, and tears start affectingly from her. How often has she looked earnestly at us, and then, with a sigh, broke out, “ My dear, dear girls, I wish it had pleased Heaven you had not been of a sex which is exposed to so many dangers and difficulties before you can be settled in the world: you will have more personal accomplishments, than temptations of fortune; but remember, that
 though

though beauty may have many admirers, few of them may be men of real honour. Carefully shun what the world calls innocent gallantry; there are unforeseen dangers in it, which young people had better avoid than run the temptation of; and depend on it, you will always find that to be *virtuous is to be happy.*”

When confirmed in these sentiments, I was recommended to a lady of distinction, as a companion for her daughter, who was much about my own age. She being acquainted with my relations, approved of me; nor was it long before the young lady did me the honour to grant me a large share in her friendship. Suppose me to have lived about a year in this scene of life, and to have attained some greater degree of knowledge and elegant accomplishments, as well as additional improvements in my person, when the young gentleman, who was the only son of his family, returned home from his travels. In short, it was about six months ago that Bellamond (for so shall I call the young lady's brother) came to England from the tour of Italy. He had not made that tour merely to say he had travelled, but to shew what improvements a rational mind may receive from travel. He had been educated in an English University, and
might

might give foreigners a better idea of English gentlemen than they commonly receive.

Such was Bellamond, when suddenly after his arrival he took an opportunity to make his addresses to me. I took them only for a modish gallantry, and paid no regard to them; but his importunity, and manner of speech, soon convinced me he had further views than I first imagined.

Be it sufficient that I say his designs were far from being honourable; nor could I, considering my state and fortune, expect they should be so. I studiously avoided all opportunities of private conversation, which he as industriously found or made. On this I expostulated with him in the most earnest manner which he endeavoured to put off with a genteel kind of raillery; and if I argued, he laughed. Frequency of conversation gave a greater boldness to his expressions, as well as mind; and at length he fairly offered, in his phrase, *to take care of me, and settle three hundred a year on me for life.* I rejected his proposal with such scorn and indignation for his treatment, that he became sensible this method would never prove effectual. In a few days after, he found me alone in his sister's chamber, and began to be rude and boisterous;

boisterous; but on my running to the window, and screaming out, he left the room.

It was now, I thought, too dangerous to trust myself to his importunities, and I was resolved to leave the family. I acquainted the young lady of my resolution, and was forced, by her, and her mother's entreaties, to tell the cause. The old lady desired me to remain easy a little time longer, and she would take such measures as should prevent my future disquietude. I staid with some anxiety: and the next day I could not help observing that Bellamond frequently looked at me in a stedfast manner, which seemed to speak concern. I attributed it to some compunction of mind, on having his base intentions discovered to his mother, who had taken an extraordinary fondness for me.

After dinner, Bellamond, his mother, and my young lady retired together, and I went to my own apartment. As I was sitting there, lost in a melancholy meditation, Bellamond entered, and, approaching me with much respect, desired me not to be confused. He said he came by his mother's orders to make reparation for the injury he had offered; which was, if I thought proper, *to accept me with honour.* I was in such confusion,

sion, that at first I could give no answer; but, recovering a little, desired him, tho' he had made me the object of his gallantry, not to make me that of his jests. He vowed he was in earnest, and, stepping out of the room, introduced the lady as witness of his sincerity. His mother immediately bid me look on her as my own mother; for, as her son really loved me, all other objections in regard to her entirely ceased.

Farther description of my behaviour would be tedious. I could not give a denial to such a proposal, and Bellamond had really engaged my heart; and my sense of *virtuous honour* was his only obstacle in his amour: but though that amour has ended in marriage, it was what I could never have flattered myself with. I shall in gratitude endeavour to make his life a continued scene of felicity and content, having in an uncommon manner experienced *that to be virtuous is to be happy*.



A N A N E C D O T E.

A JOURNEYMAN, who lived with a capital Baker in the city of London, succeeded to an estate of one thousand five hundred pounds a year. Having taken possession, he invited his master and mistress to his country seat; and, at parting, told them, that, as he had the estate of a gentleman he would aim at the qualifications: for which purpose he would make the tour of Europe. The idea he conceived of the advantage arising from travel, made him deaf to the remonstrance of his friends, who foresaw the ruin of his estate; but he answered them, "That he had a good trade in his belly, and could never break till he had broke his neck." His expences abroad made a considerable hole in his estate, which after his return, he soon ran through entirely. When all was spent, he engaged again with his former master, and when his old acquaintance asked him what he could think when he acted so imprudently, he would say, "Why, I thought of nothing but my pleasure; my estate gratified my inclinations while it lasted; and now it is gone, has left this advantage, that I have seen more of the world than any journeyman baker in town, and I dine at my master's table, which I never did before."

A SHY QUAKER.

A BAILIFF who having a writ against a Quaker, made many, but very fruitless attempts at arresting him, fell a few days ago upon the following method. He arrayed himself carefully in the *costume* of the fraternity, and repairing to the Quaker's house enquired for *friend* Abimeleck, the housekeeper shewed him in, saying, ABIMELECK shall *see thee*.

After waiting about an hour, he rang the bell, and the house keeper re-appeared, "Where," demanded the Bailiff, is our friend ABIMELECK."

"Ah Friend," replied the knowing hand-maid, "ABIMELECK hath *seen thee*, but he doth not *like thee*."

 ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his

his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, sir, said he, where is your place? *in the Gloucester coach*, said he, sir, I secured it last night; and you, sir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

REPARTEE.

DR. L——in Oxfordshire had the poet Stephen Duck for his servant, who was very quick at repartee. As they were one frosty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horse stumbles, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. “Sirrah, do you laugh at me?” “No, sir, says Stephen, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink *without a toast this cold morning*.”



T H E

HAPPY SHIPWRECK.

WRETCHED object of my sighs and tears !
 O my child, how I pity thee ! Alas ! what
 will be thy hapless fate ? We shall die in this
 savage place ! O rigorous Heaven ! let me not see
 my child expire. Since I must die, let me die,
 at least, before him. O keep from a fond mo-
 ther, the heart-breaking cries of her son ! Thus
 the unfortunate Julia, weeping and watching her
 poor babe sleeping in his cradle ; thus the unfor-
 tunate Julia expressed her anguish.

She looks around. Alas ! nothing appears but
 the humiliating sequels of her misfortunes—naked
 walls, in a wretched hovel, almost without furni-
 ture ; her beautiful hair once adorned with flowers,
 now hangs dishevelled on her shoulders. Her
 countenance, in which the laughing graces were
 wont to play, is all bathed in tears. She deploras
 her melancholy fate. Now she accuses her father ;
 now her husband, and now all nature. Then fix-
 ing an eye of mingled anguish and pity on her
 babe, she sits, and sighs, and looks—in all the pen-
 sive acquiescence of woe.

Julius

Julius awakes, and smiling on his mother, stretches his little arms towards her. He clings to her neck, caresses her, and asks her for bread. —O my child, said the weeping mother, kissing him with the unutterable sensation of mingled love and grief. “O my child, wait a little. Your father will soon bring some, the earnings of excessive labour, and we will divide his bread of misery together.”

At length Dorival returns, exhausted with fatigue. He puts some coarse provision on the table. He sees his smiling boy and sighing Julia. He sits down—he covers his face with his hands—he weeps—he cannot speak—

This wretched pair, passionately in love with each other, had been unable to procure the consent of Wastein, the father of Julia. In a moment of passion and imprudence, Dorival had dared to carry her off.

Five years had these hapless lovers wandered from place to place, flying from the resentment of an irritated father, with the unhappy fruit of their clandestine marriage. At length, they embarked for America. The vessel in which they sailed was shipwrecked; but, by the assistance of a fishing-boat they were saved, and landed on an island almost unknown.

Here

Here they had remained about a month. Dorival had entered into the service of a planter, named Palemon, who resided on the island. Every day he laboured in the sultry clime, and in the evening returned to find Julia and his boy in the cottage, There they wept over their unhappy lot. The good old planter would often come to soothe their griefs. He would relieve them, and bid them hope for happier days.

Nine years did Dorival live on this island, by the labour of his hands, and the bounties of Palemon. Not a day passed, but this good man did some kind office to lessen the grief that preyed upon them.

Julius was now fifteen years old. Palemon had a daughter of the same age, named Lucilia. Soon was it perceived that the young folk could not live asunder. Already they felt a certain sweet compulsion, that led them to see and to speak to each other every day—every moment.

Julius, in the plainest dress, had all the winning attractions of youth, as if nature herself had taken care to adorn him. His flowing ringlets are negligently tied behind by a ribband which Lucilia had given him. His eyes were sparkled with a vivacity tempered with benignity and sweetness.

When he smiles, he displays two beautiful rows of ivory, and on his animated cheeks sit the sprightly train of love. His open countenance, which yet had never blushed, bears the sacred image of innocence. A natural and affecting action enlivens his conversation. An innate obligingness of disposition, an eagerness to anticipate every wish, his youth, his graceful person,—every thing in Julius, seems alike formed to delight and to charm.

And Lucilia, in the dress of a country maid, is also beautiful as the graces, and blooming as the rose with which Julius adorns her bosom. Her fine eyes never appear so charming as when tenderly fixed on Julius, nor moves she with such alacrity, as when she runs after him in innocent playfulness and gaiety.

Palemon perceives their growing passion with delight. One day he thus spake to Lucilia. “You love Julius. I observe it with pleasure. Fortune has not been kind to him. He is not rich; but his good qualities are in themselves a treasure. Never, my dear daughter, will I be like those barbarians, who sacrifice the felicity of their children to the sordid views of interest. The example of the unfortunate Julia is too striking not to confirm me in these principles. No, my child, never
will

will I reduce thee to the deplorable situation of detesting marriage and its relations. Be discreet, and continue to love Julius. He merits your affection. I love you both, and you shall be each my children. O my daughter! I have not a wish but for your happiness; and my fondest hope is to see you united to Julius, under the auspices of a tender passion."

Lucilia thanks her father, and, hastening to her lover; relates all that had passed. "Yes, Julius," said she, "Palemon loves us. This good parent, how he weeps with tenderness whenever he speaks of you! He loves you as if you were his own son. He pities the situation of your parents. He would fain see you all happy. How charming is it, my dear friend, to meet with such a man to soothe one in adversity!" "Ah! Lucilia, answered Julius," could you know the respect with which my parents inspire me for your excellent father! "The moment my mother perceives him coming towards our hut, O my son," says she; behold our benefactor. Entreat heaven to bless him. "When he enters, I fly into his arms. And then he embraces me so tenderly! My dear Lucilia, how delightful is it thus often to see one's benefactor!" Thus Julius and Lucilia were mutually delighted

and in their innocent transports they embraced each other, repeating often these endearing conversations.

Although the two lovers were now inseparable, it gave no uneasiness to their parents, for innocence presided over every word and action. Friendship, rather than love, brought them together, sometimes in a shady wood, sometimes on the flowery margin of a brook, and sometimes on the sea-shore. The warbling of birds; the murmuring of the water, which with difficulty seems to force its way through a rocky channel; or the tempestuous roaring of waves;—these are the objects that attract their attention,—these their only pleasures.

In the mean time, Julia, far exiled from her father, and oppressed with the weight of his hatred, incessantly wept over her flight and her unhappy fault. Dorival endeavoured to console her. “ Julia,” said he, “ my dear Julia, weep no more, Heaven, which witnesses your grief, has already pardoned you. Your father; whom interest and severity have deprived of his daughter, already, without doubt, laments you. Yes! he demands you again of every object that surrounds him. He reproaches himself with his severity, and pities us.” —“ My dear husband,” answered Julia, “ suffer me

me to regret a father, who would have ever loved me but for that fatal passion. Alas! perhaps he is no more, and I hurried him to his grave! O my father; if you yet live, if my dying voice can yet but reach you, hear the cries of this remorse that preys upon me. Forgive a wretched daughter, who would implore that forgiveness at your feet, and would then expire with agony and shame."

At this moment Palemon enters," "Dorival, resumes Julia, behold this venerable man. My father, if he be yet living, is now of his age." In speaking these words, she regarded Palemon with a most affecting look;—she sighed. "O my children," exclaimed Palemon, I am the messenger of happiness, "Live Julia." "What happiness?" says she, eagerly: "Angel of joy, have you any news of my father? does he yet live?" "Alas! my dear Julia, I know not whether he be living or dead; but, O this happiest of my days, I yet bring you joy."

Fortune has at last crowned my fondest wishes. A considerable estate, which I expected not, and which without you should not have been wished for, is fallen to me by the death of a relation whom I hardly knew. I received the account by a letter, delivered to me by a person just escaped from shipwreck. Come, and share with me the bounties of

of providence. I will one day give my daughter to Julius. Henceforth we will be but one family. But what! Julia, you weep! What can be wanting to your good fortune?" "My father,"—at these words Julius enters out of breath, Lucilia, trembling, follows him. "O my mother! what, what is the matter, my son? Speak." "I was on the shore with Lucilia, when on a sudden the most mournful accents seemed to come from the neighbouring wood. We listened. An unfortunate man was invoking death. I went to him, but oh! what a sight! I saw an old man, as venerable as my father Palemon, stretched on the ground, without strength, pale as death, and perhaps already dead. I started back affrighted. Lucilia wept behind me. He called me to him, held out his hand, and with a voice so tender and so moving, said "Give me, if possible, some assistance, to delay, for a few moments the frightful death that awaits me."

"Come unhappy man," says Palemon, let us hasten to his assistance." Julia was fixed immovable at this recital. "An old man!" she exclaimed; "perhaps it is my father: I sink under my alarms!"

They leave the cottage, they arrive, the old man is beseeching heaven to restore his daughter.

"Julia,"

"Julia," said he, "if yet your hand could close my eyes, if you could but know, that dying I forgive you, I shall expire contented." "She is restored— you, my father!" "Julia! my daughter! and Dorival! O young man! their son too and mine! My children, embrace your father. He yet lives, to forgive you."

Palemon, who stood by during this affecting scene, the hand of Lucilia, weeping, in his, blessed heaven for this happy adventure. He raised the father and his children. "Come," said he, "come to my habitation. Happiness will now be ours." "Generous man!" answered Wastein, what a port you offer me after tempest and shipwreck. The desire of riches had rendered my heart insensible, and has caused all the misfortune, in which I and my children have been involved.

The thirst of gold led me to trust my whole fortune on the fickle ocean. I have lost my all! What do I say? I have found my all, since I can now embrace my children. O excellent man! I receive them from your hands, and you will still be their father. How shall I return such an obligation, by what vows, by what fervent wishes recompence this goodness?" "Your happiness, and that of your family," said Palemon, "will be my sweetest reward."

Wastein

Wastein supported by Julia and Dorival; and Palemon leading Julius and Lucilia, now arrived at the cottage. Dorival enters the first, and receiving his father at the entrance of the hut: "Welcome, Sir," says he to the asylum of your children. Nine years already have they here deplored their crime. You have forgiven them; This abode of sorrow will henceforth be that of joy.

The two families, who from this moment made but one, lived together in sweet tranquillity. Two years after love crowned the virtues of Julius and Lucilia with the first of blessings, their happy union. They were married under the auspices of their venerable parents, who gave them their paternal benediction, and had yet the happiness, before they died, of embracing a lovely offspring, rising round and mingling both their graces.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE is a rare attainment, and shews a well disposed mind when a man loves to keep company with himself; and a virtue as well as advantage to take satisfaction, and content in that enjoyment.

Solitude

Solitude cannot be well filled, and fit right, but upon very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it, and virtue enough to despise all vanity.

That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, is but a mean entertainment, in comparison of knowing ourselves.

Sir Henry Wotten who had gone on several embassies, and was intimate with the greatest princes, chose to retire from all; saying, the utmost happiness a man could attain to, was to be at leisure and to do good; never reflecting on his former years, but with tears, he would say, how much have I to repent of, and how little time to do it in.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noises. It arises, in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. Though the continued traverses of fortune, may make us out of humour with the world; yet nothing but a noble inclination to virtue and philosophy can make us happy in retirement.

I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

The late amiable Mr. Shenstone used frequently to say, that he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him. There are, says he, indeed, some few whom I properly call my friends, and in whose company I cannot but be more happy than in any solitary indulgences of imagination: but how seldom it is that you will allow me these extraordinary indulgences.

When the heart has long been used to the delightful society of beloved friends, how dreadful is absence, and how irksome is solitude. But those phantoms vanish before the sunshine of religion: Solitude and retirement, give us the opportunity for a wider range of thought, on subjects that ennoble friendship itself.



ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. JOHNSON.

DR. ROBERT LEVET, to whom Doctor Johnson very humanely gave apartments in his house for upwards of thirty years, having most of his practice amongst the poor and middling ranks of life, used to accept of gin, brandy, or any other liquor offered him, in the lieu of his fee, sooner than have his skill exerted without any recompence. This singularity Johnson used to rally with great pleasantry;—at one time he said, “ Though he hated inebriety, it was more excusable in Levet than in others, because he became intoxicated on principles of prudence, and when a man cannot get bread by his profession, perhaps he is pardonable to accept of drink.” At another time he would say,—“ Had all Levet’s patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquor instead of money, he would either have burst, *like the dragon in the Apocrypha*, through repletion, or have been scorched up *like Portia by swallowing fire.*”

The common wealth of Learning.

A VISION.

IT is a matter of no small concern to the honest and well-meaning class of mankind that men of letters, swayed too frequently by the influence of prejudice, and biased by the different modes of education, are seldom actuated in their search after knowledge, by the desire and love of impartial and disinterested truth. That false pride, which is frequently the companion of studious persons, for the most part gives a tincture to all their sentiments and actions.

Decorus, a gentleman of taste, and of a liberal turn of mind, after reflecting for some hours upon this subject, and lamenting the existence of an evil so destructive to the peace of society, and so opposite to every principal of genuine philosophy, retired to rest. The meditations of the evening had greatly affected and fatigued his mind, and he sunk into a peaceful slumber, in which was represented the following vision.

The first object which distinctly presented itself to his notice, so far as the powers of recollection were faithful to their office, was a stately and majestic

jestic figure, but of the most condescending and affable deportment. She proceeded towards him by slow and regular advances, which at once excited both his attention and admiration. The novelty of the apparition was a sufficient cause for astonishment; he was surprized and started,—he paused, as if to recover himself from the alarm, and seemed to be in a state of suspense, as if doubtful what conduct to pursue. He therefore determined his own motions by those of the figure which presented itself to his observation.

He had time to consider his situation as it approached towards him. Being now, as he supposed, in a delicious meadow, apparently rich and extremely luxuriant, and far surpassing every thing he had before seen, his senses seemed to be arrested; and as it was variously intersected by different streams, these not only added to the beauty of the scene, but served to enrich the soil through which they passed and to cover the surface with the most beautiful verdure.

Whilst he was engaged in making reflections on the delightful scene, the Genius of the place (for such he afterwards found her) was advanced within a few paces of him. Decorus had stopped suddenly, she saw his passions were excited, and conscious of her own benevolent disposition, she thus accosted

accoſted him: “ I am commiſſioned to acquaint thee with a few particular truths, which may be of the utmoſt ſervice to thee in the conduct of thy future life. Thou art here within the territories of the Commonwealth of Learning, and the ſeveral ſtreams with which thoſe fertile meads are interſected, are ſo many various channels which ſupply the numerous wants and neceſſities of the inhabitants of the city before us.”

The genius, after aſſuring Decorus that ſhe was ready and deſirous to ſhew him every thing which might ſerve to compoſe his mind, relating to the ſubject which had ſo much engaged his thoughts, paused for a few minutes, as if to give him an opportunity of reflecting upon what he had heard. He was convinced of the importance of thoſe obſervations, which his reſpectable guide ſeemed willing to make; and this ſmall interval gave him leiſure to conſider the benefit and advantage which would enſue, if each individual would make a laudable and generous uſe of the bleſſings which heaven has peculiarly beſtowed upon him; if each would contribute to the utmoſt of his power to the general good of the community.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that the profuſion of riches with which providence had ſupplied them, had
eſcaped

escaped their notice, as they proceeded towards the city; but this was still more evident, after they had entered it, when they beheld the several currents and channels within it, and that these were large or small in proportion to the populousness of the several streets through which they were conducted. One thing was strikingly obvious, that every street had a channel of this sort, except two, in a distant part of the city, which, on account of their situation, were precluded from partaking of the common advantage. This the sagacity of Decorus could not fail to remark, and was preparing his mind to express this reflection in a language somewhat unfavourable to the inhabitants of those streets; but the Genius kindly interrupted him with this intimation:—That though providence had been less kind to them in this respect, his own natural sense, being so highly cultivated would not be deficient in pointing out various ways by which they might be serviceable to the general good.

By the assistance of so friendly a guide, Decorus was quickly presented with a view of the several parts of the city where the different sciences were more particularly resident, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Poetry, had each their favourite spot, where they were more peculiarly cultivated. Arithmetic and
 Geometry

Geometry took their station in the centre of the city, and in the principal streets adjoining; whilst Grammar took her station in the south east quarter, with Rhétoric on her right hand and Logic on her left. Poetry was seated near the side of the principal river, from whence the several streams diverged which supplied the different parts of the city, and Music a little higher near a pleasing cataract, which greatly tended, by its charming and enlivening echo, to harmonize the soul,—and by the most animating strains to compose the most delicious cadence and the most perfect concord: The sister arts, which branched from these, occupied the intermediate spaces; and the whole formed a most wonderful combination of science and art; at once the glory and admiration of all the world.

Decorus was informed by his guide that this would have been the happy condition of mankind; who would have continued to draw from hence their most valuable stores of knowledge, had not some spurious pretenders to science, by dint of clamour and effrontery, shaken the confidence of the public in the abilities and integrity of their benefactors; a confidence the virtues of which had been fully experienced, in raising their character to the highest eminence. “But you see,” continued

nued the Genius, “by what means that spirit of contention and controversy was introduced into the world, which has ever since produced the most grievous calamities;—you see by what means true knowledge is attainable, and by which alone it can be preserved; of the one you discover every mark of candour, openness, and generosity, which prove her offspring to be genuine; but of the other you perceive every token of artifice and cunning, which demonstrate her to be the illegitimate issue of some cunning harlot, whose chief object is to promote dissensions, and foment and blow up every spark of malevolence and envy.”

The Genius then conducted Decorus to the meadows without the gate on the opposite side of the city. Here his eyes were again feasted with the sight of verdant pastures and branching currents from the several parts of the city, which were inhabited by the sons of learning and the children of the muses; the reflections he had before made were again revived in him, and he could not help contemplating on the wonderful harmony he had seen amongst them, and the liberality with which they communicated their knowledge to mankind. In this train of thought was Decorus employed, when he was roused from his reverie by a sudden and unexpected sound; the

Genius, by the rustling of her wings, which she had just extended to prepare for flight, startled him, especially as he had not before perceived them, and the alarm at once closed the scene of his pleasures, and put a period to his dream.

Decorus, being thus awaked from his transport, was employed for some time in making many useful reflections upon the scene. He committed his scattered thoughts to paper, while they continued fresh upon his memory, and they are here presented to the world as a useful and serviceable caution, if duly attended to against unnecessary controversy, and to check that propensity to caviling and disputation, which has ever been injurious to sound learning.

Reflections on Religion.

BE careful, that while you profess a religion which deserves the most serious veneration, there be nothing in your particular manner of exercising it, that may give just cause of ridicule. Avoid therefore, all singularity, preciseness, or humors. Be not apt to censure such as do not observe the same rules you have prescribed yourself. And freely join in a moderate use of the diversions

versions practised among those you converse with, if they are not unlawful in themselves, or directly lead to what is so. The easier your religion sits upon you, the securer it will be from the banter of the profane, and the more recommends itself to the imitation of your young companions; for nothing alienates the mind from religion, in that gay time of life, or rather gives a disgust to it so much, as too great austerity of manners in those who profess it. But let no complaisance engage you in actions which your own conscience condemns, or induce you to be ashamed of virtue or truth, much less to join in the laugh against them, or when any thing sacred is made the subject of mirth. Be assured, that however a debauchee may affect to ridicule a man, who will not run into the fashionable excesses, one may always venture to affirm, that he does not really think temperance, sobriety, &c. to be ridiculous things, and that the raillery, or rather pity, may be retaliated upon him on much better grounds.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE, OF VOLTAIRE

SOME years since, Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the Bard was at Leipzig, he told Count de —, one of his Aide-de-camps, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: the Aide-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his Majesty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient: the Count flew to execute his Sovereign's pleasure; he repaired to Leipzig; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the Author of that particular poem: to which the Bard very innocently replied, "Yes," 'Then, Sir,' said the Count, 'it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age, that you have not yet been properly recompensed for it. I have a commission, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity, to deprive you of any part of your
duc.'

due.' Having said this, he fell to work, and caned him very severely, whilst the unfortunate Bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the Count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he insisted upon Voltaire's signing, on pain of further corporal punishment: "received of his Prussian Majesty, by the hands of the Count de —, one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied, for having written a satire upon his said Majesty; in full of all demands.

Witness my hand,

"Voltaire."

CHARITY.

CHARITY makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriages, makes the best of every thing, forgives every one, and serves all.

In order to our final doom and sentence, we need but this one enquiry, whether we were charitable or uncharitable? For they who are possessed with a true divine charity, have all Christian graces. They who have not this divine principle have no good in them, and that is enough to condemn

damn them, without enquiring what evil they have done.

When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him ! Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up ? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress, without pain and reluctance ? True charity is always unwilling to find excuses ;—in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes an over-balance for self-preservation : God certainly interwove that friendly softness with our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

Under the gospel, God is pleased with a living sacrifice ; but the offerings of the dead, such as testamentary charities are, which are intended to have no effect so long as we live, are no better than dead sacrifices ; and it may be questioned, whether they will be brought into the account of our lives, if we do no good while we are living.

These death-bed charities, are too like a death-bed repentance ; men seem to give their estates to God and the poor, just as the 'part with their sins—when they can keep them no longer.

Charity obliges not to distrust a man, Prudence not to trust him before we know him.

The

The first duty of man, next to that of worshipping the Deity, is, ministering to the necessities of his fellow creatures.

Are we not all citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow subjects of the universal monarch? Is not the universe our home?

And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or society.—Should we not *feel for the stranger, and him that hath no helper*? He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

T H E

Victim of Avarice and Duplicity.

THE subject of the present short memoir, was born in a small commercial town at a distance from the metropolis; his parents, poor but honest, having no fortune to bestow on him, thought they could not make choice of a more favourable plan to forward him in life than by giving him a liberal education. This is an error which too many parents in ordinary circumstances fall into, and I know of none more deserving the

censure

censure of all sensible men ; I mean where the future prospects of their children render it impossible that such an education can ever after prove to their advantage. On leaving college he indeed found himself capable by his learning, of fitting most situations in life, but he likewise found that he wanted a much more necessary article, for he had scarce a single guinea in his pocket, and his parents, as well as himself, began, when too late, to see the folly of their procedure.

Fortune however for once proved kind to him, and having always, when at college, evinced strong marks of genius, a medical gentleman of much private worth joined to public esteem, took him under his protection and friendship, and he soon shewed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

Being now in his own element, he prosecuted his studies with unwearied assiduity; and in the course of a few years gained a knowledge of his profession, that astonished even his employer. In this situation he continued till the death of his patron, who left him three or four hundred pounds. With this trifling sum removing to W— he commenced his career, and by his polite and affable behaviour, soon gained himself a number of friends. After a short residence in that part of the country, he became noted for his professional abilities,

abilities, his practice increasing every day, and his fortune accumulating beyond his fondest expectations. At W— he continued for twelve or fourteen years, and at the end of that period found himself possessed of a fortune to the amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds, with which he had an idea of retiring farther into the country, there to employ the remainder of his days. With this intention, and in order to arrange matters for his future conduct, he paid a visit to his friends, by whom he was received in the most polite manner, each striving to exceed the other in attention to one; whose fortune they expected eventually to inherit. It was no wonder, therefore, that after a stay of a few months, he left them with regret; but his departure was absolutely necessary, and he consoled himself with the fond idea, that he should soon return to them never more to be separated.

From this moment may be dated all his future troubles. On his return to W—— he unfortunately became acquainted with *Avarus*, a character whose sole pleasure was confined within the narrow boundaries of his possessions, and who never felt an emotion of joy, but when adding to his treasures, or learning new methods of acquiring more. *Avarus* had a daughter, a lady of exquisite beauty, but educated in such a school, it

is little to be wondered at, if she imbibed in a certain degree the ideas of her father. She was indeed avaricious as her father, but that avarice proceeded from a nature very different from that by which he was actuated, Avarus hoarded up riches, which he had not heart to enjoy ; while his daughter, the more she acquired, the greater was her desire of dissipating her allowance on costly dresses and splendid equipages. It was the misfortune of Medicus, to be captivated with her form, before his cooler reason had time to convince him of the unworthiness of her mind : his passion was of the purest sort, and with an affection so disinterested he expected to be rewarded with a passion equally sincere. In this, however, he was disappointed ; but finding it her interest to conceal her real sentiments, the daughter of Avarus always declined giving him a decisive answer, and under various pretexts, and at different times, found means to extract from the unsuspecting Medicus, several large sums of money, still flattering him with the hopes of her consent, at a period not far distant. Medicus was too far gone to withdraw for any pecuniary consideration, and his mind being totally taken up with this single object, every other concern was neglected ; and although his new and extravagant manner of living daily increased his expences, he forgot to provide
the

the means of defraying them. It was impossible a course so foolish as this could be of long duration. Money was the first article of which he began to see the approaching want, and the lady, discovering his situation, soon discarded him for another lover, whose coffers at least were better stored. Thus circumstanced, and beginning at length to see his folly, he determined to alter his conduct; but the period was now past, and those who were once proud to be counted his friends, now abandoned him to his foolish career.

Every attempt to recover his lost fame proved unsuccessful; his spirits drooped beneath the weight of retrospection, and he even began to shew very evident signs of insanity. These melancholy symptoms took place in the month of September, and early in the summer of next year he returned to the country in expectation of meeting there with that attention and civility, which at W—— he was denied; but here again he found himself disappointed, and his society avoided even by those who but a short time before had made him such professions of friendship. His parents, on whom he had settled a handsome annuity, were now no more; his other relatives received him indeed into their houses, but in that cool and forbidding manner, ever, to a feeling mind, more humiliating than

absolute refusal. He continued there, however, during the remainder of that year, notwithstanding all their insults, and in the beginning of the following removed to a sea-port town, and the better to conceal his former situation, the lost Medicus enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment then under orders for the continent.

During his stay there he conducted himself in a manner so very different from that of the other soldiers, that he was soon taken notice of by his commanding officer, who made every inquiry respecting him, but could not obtain any satisfactory information. At last, after much fruitless inquiry, he discovered the whole of his history, and feeling for his situation, had an interview with him, and endeavoured as much as possible to render him comfortable. Medicus seemed much pleased with the attention of his officer, and left him apparently in good spirits. The following morning the same officer having occasion to go on a hunting party to a neighbouring village, and set out pretty early, and had scarce got out of town, when the first object that presented itself to his view, was the mangled body of Medicus covered with his own blood. The unfortunate wretch finding he was discovered, revolved in his mind his former conduct, deserted by all the world, without a single person whom he
could

could call his friend, and despised and disowned even

“ By those his former bounty fed,”
had put a period to his existence!—This happened immediately on the breaking out of the present war, and is a circumstance well known to him whose mournful task it is to pen the narrative.

*On the propriety of adorning Life, and serving
Society, by laudable Exertion.*

IN an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are superinduced by universal indulgence, the moralist can seldom expect to see examples of that unwearied perseverance, of that generous exertion, which has sometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it must be allowed, that in the early periods of society there is greater occasion, as well as greater scope, for this exalted species of public spirit, than when all its real wants are supplied, and all its securities established.

Under these disadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroism, which
leads

leads an individual to desert his sphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of personal interest and safety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotisms, as it was understood and practised by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola, or a Socrates, appears in modern times so eccentric a virtue, and so abhorrent from the dictates of common sense, that he who should imitate it would draw upon himself the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a mad-man. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in scarcely a less ludicrous light than the extravagances of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extensive manner within the limits of professional influence, and by performing the business of a station, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, as it is the duty, of every individual who possesses the use of his faculties. It is surely an unsatisfactory idea, to live and die without pursuing any other purpose than the low one of personal gratification. A thousand pleasures and advantages we have received from the disinterested efforts of those who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do something not
only

only for the benefit of contemporaries but of those also who are to follow. To be born, as Horace says, merely to consume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal observes of some of his countrymen, with no other purpose than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the sole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and disgraceful to be avowed by the basest and meanest of mankind.

There is however little doubt, but that many, whose lives have glided away in an useless tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have discovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accomplishments, occasions, and fortuitous contingences are necessary. Civil wisdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its display, the love of our country without power, must terminate in abortive wishes, in designs unsupported by execution. They who form great schemes, and perform great exploits, must of necessity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compass, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and consequently adapted, in some mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To the distinguished honour of our times and of our country, it must be asserted; that there is no species of distress which is not relieved; no laudable institution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No sooner is a proper object of beneficence presented to the public view, than subscriptions are raised by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and sickness are soothed by the best concerted establishments, and the loss sustained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired; but our enemies, when reduced to a state of captivity, are furnished with every comfort which their condition can admit, and all the malignity of party-hatred melts into kindness under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropists, such as our nation may be called, a sum of good is produced, far greater than any recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæsar.

It has been said, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are passed. No colleges are founded in the present time, it is true; yet not because there is no public spirit remaining, but because there is already a sufficient number raised by the pious hands of our forefathers, to answer all the purposes

poles of academical improvement. When a want is supplied, it is not parsimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffused over every part of the kingdom, are most honourable testimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of sins. And there is one instance of beneficence uncommon both in its degree and circumstances, which, though done without a view to human praise, must not lose even the subordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the esteem of posterity, than the numerous train of posthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and sometimes from motives represented by the censorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inscribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praise, though by no means the best, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who should stifle the love of fame. It has burnt with strong and steady heat in the bosoms of the most ingenuous. It has inspired enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good and great. Where patience must have failed, and perseverance been

wearied, it has urged through troubles deemed intolerable, and stimulated through difficulties dreaded as insurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the service of mankind, with the expectation of no other recompense than an honourable distinction. And let not the frigidity of philosophical rigour damp this noble ardour, which raises delightful sensations in the heart that harbours it, and gives rise to all that is sublime in life and in the arts. When we are so far refined and subdued as to act merely from the slow suggestions of the reasoning faculty, we shall indeed seldom be involved in error; but we shall as seldom achieve any glorious enterprise, or snatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The spirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and wars, must not be discouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is easy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit something conducive to pleasure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by severity, or neglected without examination, learning stagnates, and the mind is depressed, till its productions so far degenerate as to justify disregard. Taste and literature are never
long

long stationary. When they cease to advance they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind excuse, though its execution should not have a claim to praise. For the sake of encouraging subsequent endeavours, lenity should be displayed where there is no appearance of incorrigible stupidity, of assuming ignorance, and of empty self-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the frost nips the bud that would else have been a blossom. It is blameable ^{or} moroseness to censure those who sincerely mean to please, and fail only from causes not in their own disposal.

The praise, however, of well meaning has usually been allowed with a facility of concession, which leads to suspect that it was thought of little value. It has also been received with apparent mortification. This surely is the result of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.

T H E

WISDOM of CONTENTMENT:

AN ANECDOTE.

ALL mankind would *make a figure*. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet perhaps, the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born; for why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther than his real well-being may make necessary? Fuller, in his Holy State, relates an anecdote of an husbandman who claimed kinship with Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and there upon requested from him an office. “Cousin,” said the Bishop, “if your cart be broken, I’ll mend it; if your plow be old, I’ll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land: but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman I’ll leave you.” The Bishop thought it kinder (as it should seem) to serve him in his way, than to take him out of his way, and perhaps Stephen Duch, the thresher, had been better provided for, if, instead of being first pensioned, and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and suffered to thresh on. By turning the laborious thresher into an inactive clergyman, they brought lunacy first, and

and then suicide, upon a man, who might otherwise have enjoyed himself with two cows and a pig, and ended his days with serenity and ease.

The ANCIENT POETS.

HOMER was the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients : he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets. But it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses, than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off : he had two trades : he was poet for his diversion ; and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave ; and Boethius died in a jail.

MISPLACED INDULGENCE.

INDULGENCE, when shewn in too great a degree by parents to children, generally meets with a bad return. It seems to awaken a strange malignity in human nature towards those who have thus *displayed* an injudicious fondness. Children delight in vexing such parents. There may be

two reasons—I. It makes them feel foolish to be so *cockered* and teased with kindness. II. It discovers a weakness, over which they can insult and triumph. But whatever may be the cause, it furnishes an argument to parents, why they should never practise this behaviour towards their children. The late miseries of France arose under the government of a kind and indulgent monarch,

GENUINE FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is not, I believe, a character existing, which has been so scandalously spoken of, as the exquisitely susceptible and feeling man! Common minds bestow on him who possesses that temper of soul, every appellation of ridicule and contempt; the sensitive delicacy of his feelings, they term *affectation*; the excentric warmth of his attachments, *idle romance*. But their prejudice proceeds from their hearts being entirely void of those sympathizing chords which, in his bosom, instantly vibrate to the most delicate touch of sentiment.

Vulgar minds, either in men or women, always concur in the same opinion, that to get through this life we ought to have nothing to do with *fine feelings*; they will only retard our advancement,
[whatever

whatever may be our pursuit, whether of wealth or power. We must not entertain too high a sense of the dignity of human nature ! We must put up with many things ; such as unmerited insults from our *wealthy superiors* ; & therefore, in proportion as we are slavish to them, we shall be tyrannical to those who are so unfortunate as to be *our inferiors*. We must never contract friendship with the indigent, notwithstanding they should be peculiarly virtuous ; lest their poverty should clog our wings, and so be the means of protracting our soaring flight. Such attachments are the foolish emanation of a youthful inexperienced heart ; who, in the course of a few years, will know that not only the *days of Chivalry* are gone, but with them have also disappeared the days of disinterested love. Such is the creed of many—a doctrine which has done more mischief, and occasioned more wickedness, in the world than, perhaps, the foolish promulgators of such precepts are aware of. Many minds *naturally* inclined to justice, have, from an early instillation of these maxims—before their rectitude was founded on principle—been warped from their original bent, and have become sneaking sycophants, and often ungrateful villains ; who, for an increase of gold, would tear and cut the very heart by whose benevolence they are nourished. But as human frailty admits of many gradations, thank
Heaven !

Heaven ! the most numerous order deserves not to be called *vicious*, neither merits it the title of *virtuous*. The members of it practise few flagrant vices; and, as seldom, excentric instances of virtue: those eagle-flights suit not with the low views of their minds; the bright lustre of glorious actions, on too near a view, dazzles their microscopick opticks; and what they cannot bring to the level of their little conception, they imagine either to be too great for human nature, or else the transactions of a frantick and romantick brain—the common epithets which they generally bestow on that *exquisitely susceptible* and *feeling* mind I have before mentioned. It is in the breast of a person who possesses a soul so tuned, that we are to look for the true character of the man who was *formed after God's own image*.

His elevated and independent soul spurns at the wealthy wretch who would affront his honour, or allure him from the path of rectitude: he seeks not a friend in the splendid bosom of the trifling, and often licentious, courtier; nor in the gold-crusted breast of the rich, and as often avaricious, citizen. No! wherever he discovers a congenial mind; there he fixes; his heart clings to the object; and when the affection is reciprocal, no attachment can be stronger: he loves him, while
enjoying

enjoying the warm atmosphere of prosperity; and if the cold and cheerless winter of adversity changes the scene, those chilling blasts, which freeze common hearts, melts his to more than it's wonted softness. His tenderness meliorates the anguish of his companion: he had accidentally participated in all his happiness—he now voluntarily shares in all his misery; he pours the balm of sweet comfort into the bleeding wound of his friend; and, in assuaging his agonies, feels in his own breast the purest, the most exquisite of all pleasures—that of softening the sufferings of the afflicted. He rests not here; he is as tenacious of the interest, the peace of his friends as of his own. No lucrative, no distinguishing proposal, can prevail on him to abandon him, for one moment, to the idea that he *has abandoned* him. He is dearer to him than his own life; and he would sooner hazard the loss of it, than add one pang of misery to the already oppressed heart of his chosen, his virtuous friend. Such a friendship as this, by many, is called ideal, and never to be practised. But those who say so, have never felt the magnetick impulse which irresistibly draws you to a sister soul; they have never experienced the delicious rapture of listening to the elegant and refined precepts of truth and virtue, falling from the lips of a beloved friend: of one, who, by the grandeur of his senti-

O o

ments,

ments, and the ardour of his perseverance, fires you with the splendor of his example, and makes you aim at sublimer heights in virtue than, perhaps, your own unaided mind would have inspired you with the hopes of attaining; and who, by the sweet harmony of his manners, and the uncommon energy of his soul, “*makes a pastime of each weary step,*” in the rugged path of true honour. What would not a man sacrifice for the safety and happiness of such a friend? He is inestimable! But such fervour and stability of friendship cannot be found any where, but in the bosom of the most intelligent, the most magnanimous of mankind. I grant, they are seldom to be met with, because the common system of education tends more towards planting in the hearts of its pupils the baneful and destructive weeds of suspicion and deceit, than the beautiful amaranthus of generous philanthropy; which, extending its vivifying branches over all the world, yet reserves its sweetest shades to shelter the country from whence it sprung, and the friendly hands which assisted in its culture.

A WHIMSICAL

ANECDOTE

Concerning the celebrated Rabelais.

THE cardinal de Billay, to whom Rabelais was a domestic physician, being troubled with a hypochondriac disorder, it was resolved by skilful gentlemen of the faculty, in a consultation, that an opening decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminence. Upon this Rabelais takes himself away, leaving the junto to prate themselves into a sweat for higher fees, orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largest kettles: into that kettle, brimful of water, he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then stripped himself to his doublet, fell to stirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, surprized at such an apparatus, and asking the meaning of Rabelais's diligence, he made the following reply to them; "I am about your prescription gentlemen; keys are certainly the best openers in the world, and if you are not satisfied with what I have done, I will dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for a dozen of battering cannon."

ON THE

Use and Excellency of Learning.

THE most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines as perform what the united labour of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry, likewise, is of excellent use to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Some philosophers have entered so far into the councils of divine wisdom as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions, distances, and causes of the revolutions of the planets, the path of comets, and the nature of eclipses are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more than to see a little creature inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey
of

of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? what a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us? while some superior geniusses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite artificer: the same care, the same providence is exerted through the whole, and we shall learn from it, that to true wisdom, utility and fitness, appear perfection, and to whatever is beneficial is noble.

A remarkable Instance of Temerity

IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

GEORGE HASLEWOOD, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards by prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment

punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hat into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand to the change for him. The judges consented also to this request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. When he was asked why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and after such a signal escape, so presumptuously to hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had a bargain of it; for, considering that I daily expose myself for the value of sixpence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

Why



*Why Almighty God bath Patience with the
Wicked, and afflicts the Good in this
probationary State.*

WHY should God exercise so much patience towards wicked men, and bear so long with them, were it not, in great goodness, to give them time for repentance, that they may escape eternal miseries? Why shou'd he afflict good men all their lives, whose virtues deserve a more prosperous fortune, only to exercise their faith and patience, and to advance them still to more divine perfections;—unless he intended to reward their present sufferings, and their eminent virtue, with a brighter and more glorious crown?

ANECDOTE

O F

Bishop Warburton.

IT is well known that the Bishop's great work was the *divine legation of Moses*. To this he devoted much laborious study. A year or two before the death of this veteran divine, a fair lady, who

who was a near relation of his Lordship's, briskly observed to him, that she had seen him equipped in many dresses, but never saw him attired in the garb of an officer. "Do my Lord, put the Colonel's uniform on, indulge me with a *perspective en militaire*."——After some few objections, the good-natured Bishop complied with the request. In the mean time, the lady prepared a large circle to receive her new Adonis. Immediately as his Lordship entered, his mentor announced Brigadier-General Moses—Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to Brigadier-General Moses, an Officer of much worth and experience:

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and real improvements which have been made in the affair of female education, and the more enlarged and generous views of it which prevail in the present day, there is still a material defect, which is not in general the object of attention to remove. The defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid to the dispositions of the mind, that the indications of the temper are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the heart sufficiently regulated.

The

The exterior should be made a considerable object of attention, but not the principal, not the only one. The grace should be industriously cultivated, but they should not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues. The arms, the head, the whole person should be carefully polished, but the heart should not be the only portion of the human anatomy which should be totally overlooked.

Musick, dancing and languages, gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects, and every observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress. The effects of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can hear and see, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Personal perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid; and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often ob-

secured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

The labours of a good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests will seem to be at variance with those of her instructors. Humility and piety form the solid and durable basis on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments, while the accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish what they have contributed to ruin.

The more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, nor bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery.

Merely ornamental accomplishments, will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the *amusements* of it. Yet though the well-bred woman should learn to
dance,

dance, sing, recite, and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become fingers, dancers, players, or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians.

To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression, and her acquirements will be rather *enamelled* than *embossed*. But her merit will be known by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish.

A truly good and well educated young lady, will be found in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the performance of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade, to enliven retirement,—to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse,—and to embellish the narrow, but charming circle of family delights; and to this amiable purpose dedicating her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold and selfish spirit. The precious sensibility of an open temper, the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit, are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

Sensibility, delicacy, and an ingenuous temper are of more esteem than language or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Every appearance of amiable simplicity, of honest shame, will be dear to sensible hearts; they should carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness, from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it.

Prudence

Prudence is not natural to children, however, they can substitute art in its stead. But there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. The precise and premature wisdom which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret, bad dispositions, which if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

This cunning, which of all the different dispositions girls discover, as most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as fear. The indiscreet transports of rage which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinctions they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not care however to suppress; anger in one, will not remedy the faults of another.

Notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity, yet they should be accustomed

customed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions of the sexes should not be disregarded even in childhood.

That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously carry on a dispute, even if they know themselves to be in the right. Yet they should not be robbed of the liberty of private judgments, but by no means encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness, that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit: for it is a lesson the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learned it the sooner.

There is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, a happy, and an useful life,
and

and those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that the heart will always remain after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. They should consider that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures who at their best estate, are altogether vanity: how little can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecility of infancy! our passions themselves, by proper management may be made subservient to some good end; for there is scarcely a single one which may not be turned to profitable account, if prudently rectified and skilfully directed into the road of some neighbouring virtue. Envy and lying must be always excepted, they must be radically cured before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For envy, though passed through all the moral strainers cannot be refined into viriuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn, for innocent diversion.

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction could possibly do, even if that could be effected;

effected; for they resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction; but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them; and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless insanity.

ON A SWARM OF BEES

Settling on the Duchess of Rutland.

RUTLAND, of ev'ry charm possess'd
Which decorates the female breast,
Of beauty which excels all praise!
Accept these unblemish'd lays,
And where the lab'ring metre tries
T' express the language of thine eyes,
Thy form divine, thy face so fair,
Thy snowy bosom, graceful air;
If there is one presumptive line,
Th' offspring of this poor brain of mine,
Shall dare endeavour to pourtray
The graces which round Rutland play,
Spare, gently spare, the rude attempt;
Nor doom my boldness to contempt.

Ambition

Ambition 'tis inspires my mind,
 My heart is but too soon inclin'd,
 As the little flutt'ring bees
 On the loveliest flowers seize;
 So where the sweetest honey's found,
 Will *swarms poetic* most abound.

OF AN

UNTUTORED SAILOR,

Who damned his Sovereign.

WHEN the grandfather of the present King was once upon his voyage in the royal yacht to Hanover, he felt a pleasure in discoursing with a lively active tar, whose replies were shockingly ill-bred. The captain, whom he greatly feared, declared, that if he again neglected to say, "And please your Majesty," he should be severely punished. The King soon asks him another question. The flurried sailor, meaning to answer in the affirmative. "Yes, and please your Majesty!" stops when he should pronounce the *last* word; and self-irritated at his want of recollection, exclaims aloud, "damn your hard name, I can't think of it for the blood of me."

A N E C D O T E.

M. GOFFE of Geneva, relates an anecdote, which, says he, is perhaps superior to the well-known one of the Roman chastity. “ An artist, rather in years, had an ulcerous humour flying about his face in a most shocking manner, quite insupportable to all who approached it, on account of its pestiferous and nauseous smell. No barber would perform the usual operation, and the poor man found himself totally neglected, and at last abandoned by his very servant. His daughter, who was married, the mother of a family and endowed with all the amiable and good qualities that do honour to her sex, saw with incredible sorrow her father’s disease grow worse for want of proper assistance, and on account of the total neglect of his person. Moved by her filial affection, she surmounted all female prejudices, and took the resolution of going daily to practise in a barber’s shop the painful task of handling a razor. There she used to shave all the country people that presented themselves (the shop was of the inferior kind,) and in a short time found herself sure of her hand. With true heart-felt joy she went to her father, and looking at him tenderly, “ Cheer up, my good father, said she, you shall be under no obligation

obligation to any body for the future; I'll take care of you." From that time this worthy and virtuous woman assiduously attended him till the hour of his death.



ON THE

Affectation of good Breeding.

THE qualifications which fit a man best for the purposes of society, is good-breeding; while there is scarce any thing more disgusting than the aukward imitation of good-manners, so frequently met with among the civilest and most obliging people in the world, your half bred people of no fashion.—True politeness, as it makes men easy to themselves, diffuses an air of ease round about them; and by removing that disagreeable restraint which shackles all our faculties before our superiors, gives a freedom to conversation, without encouraging an unbecoming familiarity. This is indeed good breeding, and those only who are blest with good sense can or dare appear truly well-bred.—The proud man and the fool must have recourse to forms; they have occasion for them to hedge in their dulness; and there-

fore, by a careful and supercilious reserve, endeavour to impose an awe upon their inferiors, who keep the silence of a Pythagorean, and like the chaplains of an archbishop, dare not utter a word while his grace is at the table.

But surely, of all mistaken points of breeding, ceremony, and an over-pressing civility, are the most ridiculous. "If a person," says Swift, "makes me keep my distance, it is some happiness that he must keep his own at the same time: and, in that case, the honest man has an advantage of the proud one." But the punctilios of ceremony destroy the comforts of life, and keep even friends for ever at a distance;—whilst the exertions of an overstrained civility, worry and tease us into a compliance with what we dislike. I have read somewhere, in the history of China, that two loaded waggons never met on the road, but their drivers most ceremoniously compliment each other upon making way.

A N E C D O T E.

DURING the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the house of Lord Stair. The Pretender, being afraid they

they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know their reason. Their answer was, "that they had been affronted;" and when asked what the affront was, they said, "the greatest of any; for they had been suspected of being capable of visiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son."

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

AH! whither art thou flown, sweet goddess,
Health?

Why is my cheek with endless sickness pale?
In vain does fortune pour her glittering wealth:
Unblest'd by thee, I only can bewail!

The glimm'ring taper, dark'ning, dies away,
Ere in sweet sleep my heavy eye-lids close;
The sun o'er yon high mountain darts his ray,
Ere sinks my weary frame to calm repose:

Nor, oft, e'en this to enjoy, is it my lot;
By troubled dreams my anxious soul's oppress'd:
In sweet oblivion, all their cares forgot,
While others sleep, I only find no rest.

Scarce

Scarce has the circling year beheld my prime ;
My nerves the strength of manhood hath not
 brac'd
But to the silent grave, before my time,
 Ere age demands, pale sickness bids me haste.

The vital spark not gently dies away ;
 But, quench'd by the hand of violence, expires :
So fall I death's poor, weak, defenceless prey,
 While not e'en hope one pleasing thought in-
 spires !

I can no more—so long as life remains,
 How small the share of pleasure I may know !
While flows the purple current through my veins
 No soothing pow'r can ease give to my woe.

Dr. MILES COWPER.

THE late Dr. Miles Cowper, of Edinburgh, was buried in the cemetery of the old Church of Restalrig, about a mile east from Edinburgh, where those of the episcopal persuasion are commonly interred. His death was very sudden. Not finding a gentleman at home with whom he went to dine, he repaired to a tavern, and ordered dinner, and fell down dead while it was getting ready.

The

The following epitaph was found in his repositories :

Here lies a priest of English blood,
 Who, living, lik'd what'er was good ;
 Good company, good wine, good name,
 Yet never hunted after fame;
 But as the first he still preferr'd,
 So here he chose to be interr'd,
 And unobserv'd from crowds withdrew,
 To rest among a chosen few,
 In humble hope that divine love
 Will raise him to the blest above.

It may perhaps deserve mention, that Dr. Cowper's library sold for 5£. and the liquors in his cellar for 150£.

T H E

Devotion of Boerhaave.

BOERHAAVE through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning to meditation and prayer; declaring, that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect

perfect conquest over his irascible passions. “ The sparks of calumny ; he would say, “ will be presently extinct of themselves, unless you blow them ; and therefore, in return, he chose rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, (if they had any) than to dwell upon the bad.”







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